Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

IMPROVEMENT OF FRUITS.

The production of new and improved varieties of fruit, through seedlings, is a very interesting work, and one which can be pursued by every one who possesses a few rods of land; but he who enters upon the work with some knowledge of the principles which govern the variation of varieties in new productions will be more likely to make progress than one who is entirely ignorant of them, and plants seeds that are collected without thought or method. The intelligent cultivator not only selects seeds from fruits of a high order of excellence, but he endeavors to select from fruit, the blossoms of which have been fertilized by pollen that comes from plants that produce fruit of an equal high order; for he well knows that unless he takes especial pains to do this the new seedling may produce fruit of an inferior quality, because the blossom from which the seed came was fertilized by pollen from a plant that produced fruit of an undesirable quality. When every precaution is taken to secure seed from the best parentage, the chances are that the new seedling will not produce equal to that from which the seed came. Progress in quality is both slow and uncertain; but during the past fifty years we have made a progress that is well worth all the efforts that have been put forth to make it.

As we are now prepared to work more intelligently than our fathers were, we may reasonably expect that the next fifty years will secure improvements of more importance than have been made during the past fifty years. To what extent improvements may be carried we have no means of knowing, but that there is a limit beyond which we cannot go there is but little doubt. As a rule, the higher and better the quality of the fruit the less will be the number of seed it will contain. From this it would seem that there is a point of excellence to which we may arrive when no seeds will be produced, and therefore no further progress can be made; such is now the case with some of the double flowers. But there is a broad field before us which promises to lead us a long way before we get to the end. As the work is a very interesting one, with a possible chance for success, large numbers will engage in it, and a few will gain a world wide reputation for having produced fruits surpassing in excellence any that had before appeared.

This work is so interesting, and costs so little, that every one who takes any interest in the cultivation of fruits should every year plant a few seeds from choice fruit, and thus increase the chances of producing something better than we now have. The very large prizes offered for new improved fruit, from seedlings, is an evidence that societies are alive to the importance of encouraging the production of new fruits from the seed.

HARVESTING THE POTATO CROP.

Formerly no farmer thought of harvesting his potatoes until quite cool weather in the autumn, but now it is the practice of large numbers of farmers to harvest this crop as soon as possible after the potatoes have stopped growing, believing that to leave them in the ground injures them; and it is the opinion of some that if potatoes are dug as soon as they begin to rot, it will stop the disease from spreading; but experiments do not confirm this opinion; it is true, by digging the potatoes that are affected by disease, the wet-rot may be in a measure prevented; but the disease is in the potato, and it will show itself in a dry-rot to an extent that renders the potato unfit to eat. As a rule, we have found when the rot has struck a field of potatoes it is best to let them remain in the ground until cool weather, then those that are unaffected by disease will remain so; this saves the handling of rotten potatoes, which, to say the least, is very unpleasant business.

When potatoes are full grown, and show no indications of disease, they had better be harvested and immediately stored in a cool, dark place. The practice of spreading potatoes in the sun is a very poor one; it is unnatural, and tends to injure the quality, both for seed and for eating. A potato, to keep well, should be stored where it is a trifle moist, with a temperature not above 50 degrees, and where but little light penetrates. It requires but a few days to turn a potato a green color when placed in the light, and a dry atmosphere soon dries it up so it is unfit to eat.

Potatoes on low land should be harvested immediately after full grown, lest a heavy rain come and overflow them, but on high, light soil they will keep in the ground until cool weather quite as well as in the cellar. Many believe that if potatoes be stored in the cellar when damp there is danger of loosing them by rot, but from many experiment, it has been found when potatoes are dug and at once stored in the cellar without exposing them to the light, they are made better in the spring than those left one day spread in the field to dry in the sunshine.

When potatoes are dug so early that the tops are green, especial efforts should be made to keep the tops out of the reach of the cattle until they are perfectly dry, or the green may prove fatal to them. Some gather up the tops and put them into the pig pen, even though Paris green has been used on them several times. As there is a chance that this may prove fatal to the pigs, it is not a practice to be commended; better gather them up and burn them if the field is to be used as a pasture.

THE HUCKLEBERRY CROP.

Rarely have we had a season when the crop of berries was so large as the present season; from the dwarf bush that bears the bunch-berry to the tall shrub that produces the blueberry, the bushes are loaded with the different varieties. This crop has become one of importance to the people of New England; important not so much because of its great money value, but because it opens a field of profit to a class of people who find it very difficult to get employment suited to their capacities; and as it requires no capital to start the business, and as there is no risk of losing anything but time that is of no value, every dollar that is earned in picking berries is so much gained, and gained, too, by a class who really need it. Ripening as the berries do during school vacation, the children are really better off picking berries, even if they do not bring them any money; it keeps them busy and teaches them to be industrious; and in thus being able to earn money by their own labor it teaches them the value of money, and furnishes them with practical lessons of expending it.

For many reasons a large crop of berries is a real blessing, and when the crop fails, as it did last year, there are large numbers who sadly feel the want of the money which a good crop of berries would secure to them.

In some portions of New England a field of huckleberry bushes is a source of considerable profit to the owner, he claiming from the pickers a certain share of the berries. The time, no doubt, is coming when efforts will be made to raise huckleberries of an improved quality, and thus very much increase the value of a plantation. The huckleberry can be grafted with success; therefore, when obtained, it can be propagated with the same ease as can a choice variety of apples. That the huckleberry is capable of being greatly improved there can be but little doubt; the reason it has not yet been done is principally because the attention of skilled cultivators has not been directed to it; when it is, and the same efforts put forth to improve it as has been to improve the strawberry and the grape, no doubt but the result will be as satisfactory.

What a pleasure it would be to pick and eat huckleberries as large as a good sized grape. Who shall say that this will not be done; it would not be increasing the size any more, if so much, as has been the increase in the size of the strawberry. This is a new unexplored field, open to all who desire to enter it to make the first step of progress.

It is said that it is difficult to make the seeds germinate, but when left to nature the work seems to be very easy; therefore, if man fails, it is because he has not made himself familiar with nature's plans, or has in his practice failed to imitate them.

Correspondence.

FARMING ON A LARGE SCALE IN VERMONT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Three miles to the west from the pleasant village of St. Albans is St. Albans Bay, on Lake Champlain, and located on the northern shore of this is the large farm of ex-Governor Smith. It contains 1,350 acres, a small portion only of which is in wood. The land is mostly level, the soil a strong clay loam, adapted to the production of all crops raised about here. Mr. L. L. Farwell, from Massachusetts, has had the management of the farm since one year ago last spring, and to him I am indebted for much information gathered from the visit.

A road extends to the north some two miles through the farm, inclosed with neat wire fence and bordered most of the way with newly set shade trees. On either side were large meadows in which the grass crop at the time of visit—the fore part of July—was looking very promising. Hay is a special crop here, and the show of timothy was very fine. While not far away the fields were white with the ox-eye daisy, I did not see one in these fields. They had been carefully eradicated by pulling up, a laborious but satisfactory operation in the end. The annual crop of hay goes well up into the hundreds of tons, the most of which is of excellent quality.

Fall seeding to grass is practiced to some extent. Fifty acres will be turned over after haying, manured and re-seeded, from which a good crop of hay will be expected another year, and for several years thereafter. There was a field of fifty acres in oats, something unusual to find in one piece in Vermont. There were twenty-five acres of field corn and sixty acres for ensilage. In the great barn are six silos, each with a capacity of 100 tons, and last year these were all filled, four with corn and two with clover.

Water is pumped by steam power from the bay to a large reservoir in the top of the barn, from whence it is conducted to the stalks below and to the other buildings, being carried as far as a mile and a half to the north, for the wants of the farm. It requires some twenty men and as many horses for the regular work of the farm, while in haying twice the number of men is needed. There are six tenant houses for use of help. A carpenter and blacksmith shops are required for the work to be done here, which is no small item.

The dairy is comprised of some 115 or 120 cows, 15 of which are thorough Holsteins, and 40 Jerseys, the rest being grades. A well arranged and finely finished creamery belongs to the farm, and here the milk from the dairy is made into butter, and in addition that from 100 cows more belonging to neighbors. The cream is obtained by the use of two of the De Laval separators, run by a small engine. The work of the separator is liked exceedingly well, and the butter is said to be of better quality than when cold setting was employed. From twenty to twenty-three pounds of milk were required for one of butter, according to the quality of the feed. During the month of June the milk of the herd averaged some sixteen per cent. of cream, which indicated good butter producing qualities.

About one hundred hogs and pigs of all ages, of the Berkshire breed, are kept, and the animals were looking finely, the result of good care and management.

I was much pleased with what I saw in my short visit to this pleasantly situated farm and home, and with the kind attention of the superintendent, who exhibits much interest and enthusiasm in the very extensive work that he has in hand, and which is being most faithfully and acceptably performed.

West Berkshire, Vt E. B. T.

Questions & Answers.

☞ *All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the* PLOUGHMAN, *should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.*

WASHING HORSES' FEET.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me whether or not it is a good plan to wash the legs and feet of horses during the warm months? and oblige

Yours, truly, A. B. B.

Lowell, July 27.

[There can be no possible objection to washing the legs and feet of horses, especially during the warm months, provided proper attention is paid to them immediately after the process. They should never, under any circumstances, be allowed to remain wet, but should be thoroughly dried and the circulation restored by hand-rubbing.

If the animal is allowed to be returned to his stall without this necessary process of drying and rubbing, and the parts are exposed to currents of air, the circulation of the delicate vessels of the skin, as well as of the deeper tissues, is impeded, and disease in some form sooner or later appears. It is a perfectly unnatural condition to which the animal is subjected, being compelled to remain quiet with wet and chilled limbs, and unable to restore the circulation by exercise as when at liberty in pasture.—ED.]

WILLARD'S BROMUS.

(Bromus Secalinus.)

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Having at different times seen questions to you and answers given through your paper, I take the liberty to forward to you a specimen of grass or grain, I don't know which head it comes under, but I would like to find out, and its quality and worth. I send a part of what came from one seed. Like rye, it heads the second year after being sown, and after the grain gets ripe the root dies. I find that hens like the grain; the horse and cow like it. Would it be profitable to cultivate for the seed? If you will answer through the *Ploughman* you will oblige an old subscriber. ALFRED LITTLEFIELD.

Kennebunk, July 20, 1885.

This grass is evidently a species of chess introduced by Mr. Willard, hence its name, Willard's Bromus. It is not a desirable grass to grow, and its cultivation should not be encouraged. As a grass, timothy or red top would be much better, and as a grain, wheat, rye, or barley would far exceed it in value. It is a troublesome weed when mixed with wheat or rye. While it stands fair as to its nutritive value, experiments prove that small hay will be eaten by cattle in preference to it. When this grass was first introduced the seed was sold at a very high price, but farmers soon learned that it was no desirable addition to the grasses which they already had, so its cultivation was soon abandoned.

DISEASE OF THE QUINCE TREE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The enclosed is an extract from the letter of a correspondent in Vineland, N. J. Perhaps it may be of interest to some of your readers, and if published, be of use to the writer and other victims.

A new insect of some kind attacked my quince orchard about the time the blossoms commenced falling off. The fruit seemed to draw up on one side, bringing the blossom end near the stem. The wood of the stem enlarged to about one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and the quince is covered with a yellow fungus. The leaves and branches are dead for about six inches from the ends. There is not one quince that is not affected. My orchard seems to have a monopoly of the new pest. G. M. R.

This is a disease which has affected the quince trees of the New England States for several years. It is evidently caused by a fungus, but what causes the fungus is a question not yet fully settled; it is believed by some that we have been growing the trees on the wrong principle; that, instead of propagating from the seed and grafting or budding, we have produced new trees from cuttings, and in this way the old life is carried along from one generation to another, and that many of the quince trees that we now have are from wood that is more than one hundred years old. This old life has become feeble, and has gathered up diseases which is easily propagated even among trees that have been recently grown from seed. The fungus invites the insects rather than the insects the fungus. To go back to first principles and grow all of the trees from the seed is a slow process, because we have the disease among us, which for a long time will be likely to effect some of the seedling trees, but in time, if this belief be correct, the trees will become healthy, if propagated only from seed.—[ED.

PROTECTING MANURE.

[Mobile Register.]

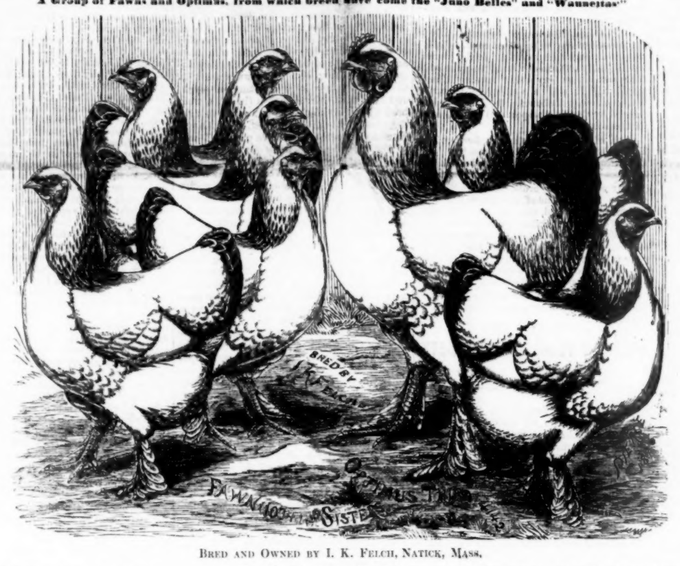
There is much difference of opinion as to whether or not manure should be sheltered from the weather. The Germantown Telegraph, talking on this subject, says sun, wind, and rain certainly damage the exposed manure heaps. The writer is sure that unlimited exposure to the weather will prove highly injurious to the quality of the manure. A leading farmer told us some time ago that he regarded the complete exposure of the manure heap through the winter and until it can be used in the spring to damage it fifty per cent. In other words, one load of well-protected manure is worth two of the exposed. This seems almost incredible, but it may not be far from the truth.

There is no question that a subject which so vitally concerns the farmer as this one of manure, and causes him to give so much attention to it, possesses great merit. His straw is not to be sold, because it is to be converted into manure. Stock is fed through the winter for the express purpose of accumulating manure. Articles that scarcely pay to send to the city are nevertheless hauled there in order that manure may be brought back as a return load; and yet the whole of the manure gathered is frequently all the season exposed to the sun, wind and rain until it is greatly diminished in value—one-half, according to the opinion of our agricultural informant. The trouble is that few really believe that exposed manure undergoes this serious loss. Hence, in arranging farm buildings—and we know many that are so arranged—it will pay well to look as much to the preservation of the manure as of the hay or grass; and those whose buildings have no provision for this purpose cannot spend twenty-five or fifty dollars better than in putting up a shed under which the manure heap may be protected against these adverse influences.

— A distinguished Episcopal clergyman in Boston, in a recent sermon, alluding to the distinctions made in the "Rise and Fall of Silas Lapham" between people living at the South End and at the Back Bay, said that the people who lived on land that God made were just as good as those who lived on land made by man.

"LIGHT BRAHMAS,"

A Group of Fawns and Optimas, from which breed have come the "Juno Belles" and "Waunettas"



BRED AND OWNED BY I. K. FELCH, NATICK, MASS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

At the Poultry Meeting held at the *Ploughman* Building in March last one breeder affirmed that he should have been in the poorhouse had he bred Light Brahmas instead of Plymouth Rock, and affirmed that he got but sixty-five eggs per annum from Light Brahmas and ten dozen from the Plymouth Rocks. For the three weeks subsequent to that meeting the "Waunettas," pullets from the "Juno Belles," spoken of, laid four hundred and fifty-one eggs—thirty of them. I am not at home, so cannot give the eggs laid during the whole hatching season, which I will do at another time. While enjoying my vacation on Cape Ann, Mass., I visited Asa Woodbury, Pigeon Cove, to whom any one can write for the verification of this statement. This gentleman kept last winter the following: Forty-six Light Brahma pullets, in a house eight one-half by fifteen feet,—all the shelter they had.

These forty-six birds laid, to wit,

In January	733 Eggs.
February	660
March	983
April	747
May	993
June	704
July	620
Eggs in seven months	5,071

An average of 110 1-46 eggs.—

These eggs here on the Cape, where grains of all kinds are higher in price than at Natick, and the average price lower, were marketed here at an average of two cents each, thus making $2.20 cents income from each hen for eggs. He has raised, up to date, August, 110 chicks that average four months old. The entire cost for grain is $40.28 cts., a profit of $1.33 1-2 cents per hen, and $2.38 for 46 chicks four months old. This, here on the Cape, would augment the profit, to say the very least, to $2.00 net profit for seven months. Surely, Asa Woodbury does not look to be on the way to the poorhouse for raising Brahmas.

Summary or net profit of the forty-six hens:—

Dr.—	
Cost of keeping	$40.28
Cost of eggs to produce the chicks to four months	4.50
	44.78
Cr.—	
By 5,071 eggs	101.42
By 110 chicks at 62½	69.00
	170.42
Less cost	44.78
	125.64
	$27.30

A net profit of, $2.73 cents per hen. Sixty-two of the birds could be sold for $1.00 each, which would leave the $48 to pay for cost and the $9. We feel the estimate is short of the real profits. It is safe to say that from two of these birds 150 eggs and a brood of chicks can be produced each year; the best eggs, nice broilers at eight weeks old, and the best large roasters at eight months, and good roasters at even thirteen months old. We feel no other breeds equal. I. K. FELCH.

PICKEREL, AND SKITTERING FOR THEM.

[Lake Housatonic correspondence of New York Times.]

"To skitter" means that you take a long pole and a short line, put a piece of fish on your hook, and spend the day in flinging the thing wildly over the water as far as you can, reach and drawing it back by innumerable slow jerks. The theory is that these extraordinary performances impart to the piece of fish a life like motion, and thus induce the pickerel to think it is a minnow and snap at it. As I have never yet seen a minnow whiz twenty four feet through the air, and then on diving work his way back to taw by a series of disgraceful wobbles, I conclude that either the pickerel has some very peculiar ideas about his finny cousins, or that he is constitutionally feeble minded, for I know he is sometimes caught by this transparent swindle. Another method of skittering is to use a spoon hook instead of a piece of fish, but as in the first place you catch fewer pickerel and in the second are apt at any time to lose a 75-cent hook on a 2-cent snag, I refuse to commend it. The prominent features of a pickerel are a tremendous mouth and an appetite to match. To give him an opening in which to insert his dinner nature has thoughtfully slit him nearly half way to his tail, and garnished the aperture with seventeen rows of teeth. He is long and wiry, with a green back and a black belly, and looks like a consumptive in the last stages. This is due entirely to the deceit with which he is loaded from tail to muzzle, for the only last stages a pickerel ever gets into are those of depravity. When you are out for big bass and there is only one live bait left the chances are that it will be taken by a pickerel seven inches long, for they seem to be willing todie if they can only send a fisherman home swearing. Being constructed like an umbrella case they can conveniently hold hold a fish nearly their own length, so there is no use trying to escape by resorting to larger bait.

The pickerel is by nature a highway robber. Ambushing his slim person deep in a tangle of weeds or in the broad, cool dusk of the floating lily leaves, he keeps a stealthy lookout for anything wandering his way. By and by a frolicsome young perch scurries from his companions in headlong pursuit of a butterfly softly blown across the water. Here he comes helter-skelter, not noticing the bad eye which is sizing him up from the shadows. Suddenly there is a quick rush through the liquid sunshine, a frightened flurry of scared fins, a swirl of a powerful tail shooting the pursuer on, then the pitiful gleam of a little white belly turned upward, and a red tinge that is seen but a moment and is gone. Once the powerful jaws close, a hundred retractile teeth hold their victim fast and mangle him. Then the pickerel goes leisurely back with one serpentine wave of his flukes, and in two minutes is ready for another prey. All day these piratical excursions continue without impairing his appetite, and at sunset he tones up his muscles by leaping for millers like a silver bar shot through the tremulous mirror, shattering it into a hundred widening rings and falling back with a splash that startles you. Pickerel are a small variety of the pike which throng the rivers and lakes of the Northwest, and are first cousins to the muskalonge of the St. Lawrence. They are a voracious and fierce family, giving no quarter and deserving none. Whenever you see their dark shapes motionless among the outlying coverts you may be sure that the young fry inserted by the Fish Commissioners are having a lively struggle for existence, and that not 1 per cent. of the school will ever graduate. The only blessing is that in their wholesale slaughter pickerel do not spare their own offspring, and so the ratio of their increase is the same as that of other fish.

YOUNG PIGS IN SUMMER.

The method of feeding the young pigs in summer depends somewhat on how they are to be disposed of—whether to be fattened for the coming winter, or to be wintered over. In the latter case, and where the pigs have been late arrivals, this is the best plan; no forcing is necessary, and when they have had their mother's care for ten or twelve weeks, give them good pasture, plenty of grass and clover, and see that they have an abundant supply of pure water. Under such conditions, if they come from a healthy mother, they will probably begin the winter vigorous and hearty. And yet, even with these, moderate rations of grain, skim milk, and other wholesome food that can be most inexpensively provided, will help their growth amazingly, and bring them into the winter in capital trim. It has been frequently urged that nothing was wanted in summer for pigs, that were to be wintered over, but grass. With this view we are not disposed to agree, except in so far as regards to young sows that are kept for breeding purposes, and which, therefore, it is not desirable to fatten; all that is required of them is good healthy growth. But the summer time is the cheapest time to make growth. For this reason many large hog raisers prefer the early pigs that can be turned out as soon as weaned, and crowded steadily up to six or eight months, thus making their growth when they can do so at the least expense and with the least trouble to the owner. In this case no difference of opinson exists as to the method of care and breeding. It is simply to provide with healthful conditions and give them all the wholesome, nourishing feed they will eat.—[National Live-Stock Journal.

THE STAYING QUALITIES OF JERSEYS.

One of the most remarkable qualities of Jersey cows is their inclination to give milk all of the time—all the year round. This is an item of no small consequence. It makes about one-third difference in the income from a cow. The famous Short-horns won't do it, however much "Stockman" and other admirers may vaunt their good qualities; neither will any beef breed. I do not think anything the less of them because they do not or cannot give milk all the year round. It is asking too much, and reminds me of the striking parable about gathering "grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

How much talk and worry would be saved if people would only agree with me that everything has a place and everything has its own peculiarities, and is specially fitted for some distinct purpose. This philosophy, commonplace as it is, does not seem to be recognized by lots of cattle breeders. Each thinks his kind possesses all the merits of the cow species, and that it can make beef, tallow, butter and cheese at the same time. We want cattle with a marked propensity for some distinct thing, and when this is butter, we should be satisfied, and if simply milk, then that is enough. Breeding in line to establish and promote this quality is a reach towards perfection, and makes such animals valuable. The same is true in regard to beef. There is nothing "fancy" about this, or "wild." There may be zeal and enthusiasm, but these are good things, and no breeder will succeed without them,

There is a family or Jerseys, on Kirby Homestead, that never go dry. One of them gave a third of a pail of milk up to the day of calving; yet the calf was strong and active, and the cow did well. We generally stop milking them a few days before the time of calving, but in this case this precaution was overlooked. Other Jersey cows in this section do not become dry, and are milked up to within a very short time of calving. This continuous milking makes the Jerseys handy and valuable for the family. Most cows go dry from three to four months. It is not extra food which stimulates our Jerseys to hold on milking, as they are not fed extra; but it is their nature, and this characteristic descends from generation to generation. This is a virtue which offsets the deficiency of beef in a Jersey; but then, did "Stockman" ever eat any Jersey beef? It is not necessary that an animal should be big to make good beef. Jerseys do make good beef, and 16 ounces of it make a pound, and it does not take any more food to make a pound of beef in a Jersey than in a Short-horn. One would imagine, to hear some of the anti-Jersey talk, that, when a Jersey had finished her course and filled her last butter tub, a nuisance must be disposed of. Not so. With a little food, good beef may be made of her at a moderate cost. (Col F. D. Curtis, in Rural New Yorker.

TRANSMISSION OF TYPE IN THE HORSE.

[National Live Stock Journal.]

No one can expect to secure a type worth the name in the progeny unless he has a distinctive type, both in form and general physiological characteristics, in the horses he breeds from. For real useful qualities at service, combined with such vigor and lasting qualities of body as will enable a horse to follow up a somewhat severe line of work during a long life-time, he should select for breeding purposes animals possessing the characteristics he wishes to secure. Thus the horse possessing the qualities indicated by the following account, in all probability, had exceptionally good blood in his composition, and if he had been given an opportunity to propagate his kind instead of putting in a long life at menial work, would doubtless have been the progenitor of others the equal of himself. A horse at Bourn, in Lincolnshire, Eng., was described at the age of twenty-two years (then without blemish, and in prime condition), as having, in the hands of his then owner, made the run from Bourn to Swayfield, a distance of sixteen miles, and return, daily (Sundays included), drawing a heavy mail cart, having done this duty from the time he was six years old, and during the sixteen years had had but three days rest. One day in each week he made two miles extra, and much of the time, after making his trips, was called upon to do work upon the farm. As showing intelligence and force of habit, he was called upon to stop at a certain barber shop on Tuesdays and Fridays, and on certain days at another place for parcels. He learned the days for stopping, and could be trusted to halt on the accustomed day at the right place. At twenty-two he bid fair to last for several years. Here was a clear case of inheritance of good qualities. A horse with legs and feet capable of doing the service named, for sixteen years, on a hard road, has innate prepotency to give off like qualities.

DEHORNING CATTLE.

I hereby give you a bit of my experience in the way of sawing off horns. Mr. Haaff's last letter seemed to lay the matter down so simply that a neighbor offered to furnish the subject if I would wield the saw. Being desirous of seeing the experiment tried I readily consented. The animal was a two-year-old Short-horn-bull that had shown strong symptoms of viciousness, having backed the owner out of the pasture two or three times. Our first attempt proved futile, failing to secure the brute properly. The head was tied around as Mr. Haaff directs, but the stanchions gave way and out went Mr. Bull with a horn half off. We were obliged to abandon the job till next morning, when a suitable stanchion was fixed. This time the Hon. Gentleman left the stable a hornless muley, not having lost any more blood than would naturally flow from a simple cut on your finger. Not a groan did he give, but threw himself down and there he lay till the horns dropped in the manger before him. About an hour afterwards we made him a visit in the pasture, found him feeding as quietly as though nothing had happened, suffering no perceptible inconvenience, only that he could not gore us. There are several others in this neighborhood that will soon share the same fate. Some very humane people denounce us as cruel and unfeeling, and are somewhat inclined to complain of us. But let them once get horned by a mad bull and I'll venture they will be willing to see the brute sawed in two in the middle. I now believe "dehorning" perfectly harmless, as well as a benefit to the herd. I intend to denude my cattle of all horns at an early date. The operation was performed four weeks ago; bull all right yet.—[I. F. S. in Western Rural.

MAINE CROPS.

[Bangor Commercial.]

Secretary M. N. Rich, of the Portland Board of Trade, has returned from a tour through some of the farming districts of Maine. With regard to the condition of crops, he says: "Throughout Cumberland and in the major part of Oxford county, the hay crop has been secured, generally in good condition. The effect of the intervening rains, this season, has been a most beneficial one, and the crop that at one time promised to be light is up to the average, both in this section and throughout the State. All the crops in the Western counties look well. Potatoes got a good start in the cool weather of the earlier part of July and were out of the way of the bugs, which made their appearance later. This year the Maine farmers are troubled less with the potato bug than five years previous. Corn looks well, especially the sweet, of which there seems to be considerable planted in the packing districts. Oats are doing finely, well stocked and full headed. Other grains are promising, and the acreage seeded appears to be even larger than in years past. Beans have rusted some. I think more acres are planted in Cumberland county than ever before. Fruit looks very well, and, though an off year, there is quite a showing in apple orchards."

— The President's talk to the delegation of cattlemen is such as they can understand. They have got to "co-operate" with the Government by at least showing symptoms of leaving.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Reply of Hon. Geo. B Loring, Ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, to the Comptroller of the Treasury.

SALEM, MASS., July 27, 1885.

Sir: In my communication of June 24th, in reply to yours of June 17th, announcing the disallowance of a portion of my account as Commissioner of Agriculture, I expressed a "desire to lay before the Treasury Department a detailed statement of the expenditure of the appropriations under the head of 'Laboratory' during my administration of the Department of Agriculture, to indicate the policy I felt obliged to adopt in carrying out the views of Congress in providing for the encouragement of the sugar industry of the country." I have this day received a final statement of this account carefully prepared by the disbursing officer of the Department, and I respectfully call your attention to that portion of it which relates to the question at issue. The account as I have received it is long and complicated, and I have condensed it into as narrow limits as possible. Before presenting these details, however, I beg leave to lay before you a brief sketch of the necessary management of the Agricultural Department, both during its existence as a bureau of the Patent Office devoted to the distribution of rare seed alone, and feebly endowed, and also during its existence as an independent Department amply provided for and engaged in important work. During this entire period it has been devoted to experiment and investigation, and to these objects alone. Without well defined duty in any legislative enactments, it has been occupied with a great variety of these investigations and experiments for the benefit of agriculture; and yet at no time could the Commissioner turn to the statute-book and find his duty definitely and precisely laid down with reference to the details of the work. The working of the Department has been mainly left to his judgment, and to the skill of those whom he employed as chiefs of the various divisions. It has had no analogy in any other department of the government, to all of which, as executive organizations, Congress has assigned a specific and well-defined duty. Provision has been made, with constantly increasing liberality, for chemical, entomological, microscopical, botanical, statistical, veterinary and forestry investigations, and for the encouragement of special crops; and in reference to all these subjects the Commissioner has been obliged to lay out the work without directions in the statute-book, and to use the appropriations for the purposes specified by law according to his own judgment.

Recognizing this policy as the only one which could possibly under the circumstances clothe the Department with that usefulness which its founders and advocates expected of it, and realizing the fact that the course I have defined has been followed by all my predecessors in office, I devoted myself while Commissioner to the business of expanding and developing the work which they had commenced. In this endeavor I received at once the prompt and liberal co-operation of Congress. The corps of officials was enlarged and in many cases their compensation was increased. Most generous provision was made for the publication of all reports and documents, both special and annual, and I was enabled to lay before Congress and the community the large edition of the annual report, soon after the close of the calendar year, instead of being subjected to a long established delay of nearly eighteen months for each issue; and the work of some of the most important divisions was greatly extended by additional appropriations.

STATISTICAL DIVISION.

In accordance with this policy the amount provided for the collection of statistics, for instance, was so largely increased as to require an entire reorganization of the division devoted to that work. Under the former annual appropriations of only ten thousand dollars, the statistical correspondence of the Department, while it had been large, has been voluntary and uncompensated. The appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for this work changed its character entirely. To the volunteer corps, which had worked diligently and usefully for many years, I added as Commissioner a body of agents employed by the government, one agent being assigned to each State and territory, selected, so far as possible, from those persons whose attention had been turned to statistical enquiry, and compensated in proportion to the agricultural industry of the community in which they were engaged. Circulars, blanks for returns, and supplies of means for correspondence, were distributed at large expense; and all the various branches of agricultural industry were appealed to for complete reports of their condition. A separate bureau, with a most competent clerk, was organized in the Department for obtaining returns of the Dairy, and a careful inquiry was made into the extent to which the manufacture was carried, both in the home of the farmer and in the factory. Reports upon the number and condition of domestic animals were secured; and the foundation was laid for an annual return of the industrial condition of the country, which, when complete, would provide an economical substitute for the expensive and complicated decennial census, and would furnish constant information of the growth of our resources. In addition to this organized system at home, a most capable and diligent agent was appointed and stationed at London to collect crop and market reports in Europe, and to inform the Department of all English and Continental legislation upon the importation of animals and meat products from America, and also of all commercial regulations with regard to contagious animal diseases,—a work which has secured for the Department a high reputation abroad, and has been of great service at home. The difficulties attending this organization were numerous and great, and were overcome only by assuming in many cases a responsibility without which the whole object of Congress would have been frustrated.

BUREAU OF ANIMAL INDUSTRY.

The same is true with regard to investigating diseases of animals. The management of the Veterinary Division of the Department, which was finally enlarged into a Bureau of Animal Industry, was surrounded by many difficulties. The existence of animal diseases was considered to be universal, and the alleged extent of contagious diseases, especially of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle, was most alarming. The labors of accomplished scientists employed by the Department in many parts of the country had furnished much valuable information on the origin and conrse of these diseases, but much careful investigation was still necessary with regard to their contagious character, and to the real danger which they threatened to the domestic and foreign trade in live stock and meat. To establish an experiment station in the District of Columbia, where the contagious character of the cattle disease found there could be determined, and where the value of inoculation for controlling this, and also for controlling diseases of swine and poultry, could be estimated;—to extend this work under the law establishing the Bureau of Animal Industry, into the infected districts of the Southwest, and into the condemned sections of New York and Brooklyn;—to ascertain the previous extent of the danger—to keep vigilant watch over the outbreak of contagious disease in remote sections of the country hitherto considered free—all this required an exercise of authority which might have been questioned, but which alone saved the Division and the Bureau which grew out of it from utter failure, and whose success thus far has encouraged Congress to enlarge its powers and, as I think, to open to open for it a corner of still greater usefulness by more recent legislation.

ENTOMOLOGY, ETC.

For the Entomological Division, also, engaged as it was in careful inquiry into the habits of insects injurious to vegetation, and into inventions and designs for their destruction, it was also necessary to exercise the most liberal construction of the law; and the operations of the chief of this division were encouraged in every possible manner.

The same is true with regard to Forestry and Botany; in the selection and distribution of seeds, and in all matters relating to the museum and the improvement of the buildings and grounds.

LABORATORY AND SUGAR EXPERIMENTS.

In the line of all this investigation and experiment I found, upon assuming my duties as Commissioner, elaborate preparations for conducting a most accurate inquiry into the value of sorghum, beets, and other plants for the production of sugar. The interest in this question was great. The promises of the advocates of the industry, that in a very short space of time the United States would not only produce a sufficient amount of sugar for home consumption, reaching $200,000,000, annually, but would furnish a large supply to foreign markets (the cost of production here as they claimed, being merely nominal), had created a degree of enthusiasm which demanded vigorous and if possible encouraging investigation. To the work of developing this industry had been and were called the patient labor of the best cultivators, the keenest ingenuity of the mechanic and the manufacturer, the most accurate analysis of the laboratory, the commanding influence of the National Academy of Sciences, great faith and great energy. I found the work of perfecting the manufacture of sugar from sorghum laid out in the Department on a large scale. A broad tract of land, sixty acres or more, in the city of Washington, had been rented, and placed under the care of cultivators employed by the Department, with the amount of ploughing, manuring, seeding, hoeing, harvesting and hauling usual under such circumstances. Smaller tracts of land had been leased in the neighborhood, and were placed under the care of the lessors, who were provided with every variety of seed, and were guaranteed against loss. An improved mill with elaborate and expensive machinery had been erected on the grounds of the Department. Large sums of money were expended for labor on sorghum for rents, for "watching sorghum," for hauling cane, for fertilizers, for experts, for work in the mill. To encourage the beet-sugar industry, implements for the cultivation of the sugar-beet had been imported and conveyed to the Wilmington beet-sugar company, at a cost of $3013.00; and for still further encouragement $3000.00 were paid out for beet seed to be distributed throughout the country.

In the following season I adopted a different system of investigation; and the renting and cultivation of land, and the manufacturing of sugar having proved unsatisfactory, the cultivators and manufacturers engaged in the sorghum and beet sugar business were appealed to, for information drawn from their own experience in which they were understood to have been successful. I issued a circular calling for statements upon the cost of cultivating sorghum, the amount of cane produced to the acre, the mode and expense of manufacture, the amount of sugar produced per acre and in the aggregate, the profit or loss on the crop, and all information bearing on the subject, and proposing to compensate those whose reports were valuable for their services. The supervision of the work was placed in the hands of an experienced cultivator and manufacturer, and a competent committee was appointed to examine the reports and select the ten manufacturers whose work was considered worthy of compensation. A vast deal of practical information was obtained in this manner. The services rendered by the manufacturers engaged in making these observations and reports was by no means small, and the compensation they received, amounting to $1200 for each of the ten most carefully conducted experiments, was considered no more than just and reasonable.

Following these investigations, analysis of the sorghum products of various sections of the country were made, and such assistance was rendered as would enable the Department to secure the best possible samples of sugar and syrup. The attention of those interested in the production of sugar from all sources was now attracted to these endeavors to develop and increase the crop. The condition of the sugar market and the great amount of sugar produced in Germany, made it evident that the cost of producing sugar in this country must be lessened or the industry would decay. It was deemed advisable, therefore, to investigate the process of sugar manufacture in Europe; and for this purpose an agent was sent abroad, whose report indicated that the introduction of new and improved machinery was absolutely necessary to restore the business and to enable the sugar planters and the sorghum and beet growers to compete even in their own market with the producers of Europe. The appropriation for the encouragement of the industry was largely increased by Congress, and it was evident that extraordinary measures were expected by those States whose prosperity was dependent more or less upon its successful prosecution. In addition to the liberal provision made by the Department for personal investigation here and abroad, arrangements were made for the erection of diffusion batteries with proper appliances; purchases of laboratory apparatus were made; and large amounts were paid for services, travel and labor necessary in the prosecution of the work. It was considered important that no effort should be spared in ascertaining everything of value to the sugar growers of the country, and I concurred most readily with every suggestion tending in this direction. The officials employed were engaged in an important work. This seemed to be the opinion of Congress in making the appropriation, and by this opinion I was guided.

The purchase of seed, therefore, for the purpose of carrying on the investigations and experiments in the production of sugar, which had been continued so long and in so many

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1885.

☞ Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

To be held at BANGOR, Me, Aug 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

To the Farmers, Breeders, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Artisans of New England:

The New England Agricultural Society will hold its twenty-second annual Fair in connection with the Eastern Maine State Fair Association, at Bangor, Maine, commencing on Monday, Aug. 31st., and continuing five days.

The Fair is to be held at Maple Wood Park which is located in the city of Bangor, within ten minutes walk of its business centre and all its hotels.

The Park is an extensive ground, and from the grand building, which seats several thousand persons, a commanding view of the city and the surrounding country is obtained.

Bangor is a magnificent city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Located on the Penobscot it has a water front in which the largest vessels can float with safety. As a port of entry it is not second to any of the great seaport towns of New England outside of the cities of Boston and Portland.

It is a centre of business life and manufacturing and commercial industry, and the Agricultural interest of the great State of Maine, recognized as a most important depot for distribution.

The New England and Eastern Maine State Fair Associations join in extending an earnest entreaty to all persons interested in the welfare and prosperity of the country; in the development of labor and labor saving machinery; in the building up of men and women in the highest walks of social and progressive life, to join in the great work of contributing the best of their products to the making up of this exhibition.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.
45 Milk Street, Boston.

Boston, Aug. 31, 1885.

The census returns of Massachusetts are coming in fast enough to show conclusively the tendency of our population—estimated at almost 2,000,000 in the aggregate—to centre in cities, from which cause many remote towns, once numbering round populations, are fast being reduced to the condition of mere hamlets. But it is just as certain to the philosophic observer that the pendulum in due time will swing the other way. The consequence naturally is, that large tracts of territory for whose cultivation former generations labored, will become wild lands once more, and be relegated to the sovereignty of the forest. The hill-towns of Massachusetts illustrate this modern tendency of population more forcibly than any other. We do not attach any such importance to the waning political influence of many of the smaller towns which some find it interesting to do. Our view takes in the single problem of their agricultural productiveness. The most of this migration has been to the West, in which direction the continent is mainly destined to grow. Taking the censused report of a list of seventy towns, the net gain in their population is somewhat less than 1000 souls. High tax rates are to be credited with a powerful influence in this depopulation, and that in turn is to be credited chiefly to the exigency of the civil war.

The recent action of the President in relation to the cattle men in the Indian Territory, excites public attention to the rapidly increasing interest in cattle ranching among capitalists and investors at the East. A few facts just now will be serviceable. It appears that not less than $10,000,000, and in fact, $15,000,000 of Boston capital is invested in cattle companies and private ranches at the West and Northwest. The ranches of these companies are found in Arizona, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. The Bay State Live Stock Company, with a capital of $3,000,000, has between 80,000 and 90,000 head of cattle. Their range is along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad for 52 miles. The company's stockyards are at Omaha. The Union Cattle Company has a capital of $3,000,000, and its ranch is located on the North Platte in Wyoming. This Company has built sheds near Omaha, and 500 miles from its ranch, large enough to house 3500 head of cattle, which it will fatten for market on cooked meal and hay. Then there is the Middlesex Company, located in Wyoming, with a herd of 20,000; the Hereford Cattle Company, with a herd of 7100, located in northern Montana; and the Suffolk Cattle Company, located 200 miles north of Cheyenne, with a herd of 15,000. And there are other companies in which $5,000,000 of Boston capital is invested, that are not organized or centred here.

DR. LORING'S REPLY.

The communication addressed by Dr. George B. Loring to Hon. W. J. Durham, First Comptroller of the Treasury, in relation to a disallowance of a portion of his account as Commissioner of Agriculture, will be found in another column of this issue of the *Ploughman*, where it will be read with general interest. Dr. Loring enters on an explanation of the actual status of the Agricultural Department as an executive organization, and shows that, in reference to all forms of appropriate investigation, the Commissioner has been obliged to use his own judgment rather than follow any directions laid down in the statute book. He states that this course is the one which has been followed by all his predecessors in office, and he only pursued it in expanding and developing the work which they had commenced. In this, too, he reminds Comptroller Durham that he had the prompt and liberal co-operation of Congress. After instancing what had been accomplished in the statistical division, the bureau of animal industry, the entomological, forestry and botany divisions, he comes to the laboratory and sugar experiments, which are at the bottom of the Comptroller's contention.

The course and history of investigation in this direction is thoroughly treated by the ex-Commissioner, and every reader will clearly understand the situation of affairs so far as the Government has interested itself in the important industry of sugar production in this country. The general understanding has been that we should soon have no sugar industry at all unless the cost of producing it could be reduced. In what manner the appropriations devoted to this branch of agricultural industry were expended by him, the statement of Dr. Loring clearly shows; and he reminds the Comptroller that Congress was well aware of the importance of the work in which the officials employed were engaged, simply from the frequency and increase of its appropriations in furtherance of it. That the Commissioner was expected to use his own best judgment in the matter is proven from the single consideration that, instead of distributing sorghum seed in sections of the country already known to be congenial, the Commissioner had and was expected to *discover* the localities favorable to the cultivation of sorghum and the growth of the sugar beet. In proceeding to do this and in distributing the necessary seed, Dr. Loring asserts that he "pursued the course which had been uniformly pursued in other Divisions and for other purposes."

He states precisely how he expended the appropriation of June 5, 1884, made under the head of "Laboratory" and for "necessary expenses in conducting experiments in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum and other vegetable plants," when he says that it was expended "in the purchase of machinery, in the purchase of seeds and the distribution of seeds of sugar-producing plants, and in services of investigators; in chemical analyses and in manufacturing." And he states that all was done "for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the statute." And, further, that all the disallowed items in his account were expended by him "in conducting the experiments provided for."

At no stage of the dispute, however, is it to be overlooked or forgotten that the actual status of the Agricultural Department of the Government remains still undefined, and, as present facts would indicate, undecided. The occasional call of a frantic journal for its entire abolition is enough to prove this. At the best, the functions of the Department equally with its legal authority are to be described as tentative. Very much has from the beginning been left to the discretion and knowledge of the Commissioner, and that was the chief reason why Dr. Loring's accession to the office was hailed with such wide satisfaction. The Commissioner was expected to practically create the Department, and this Dr. Loring did, by universal consent, more than any or all of his predecessors.

MAINE,

And the New England Agricultural Fair of 1885.

All Maine is to-day awake over the approaching Agricultural Fair at Bangor. The farmers of that great State send out cordial greetings to their brethren of the other New England States, and invite them freely to co-operate with them in making a worthy display of the agricultural wealth of this eastern section of the country in its utmost possible variety. They are engaged about this most laudable work in a spirit of enterprise and determination that is full of the promise of the largest success. The display of farm products of every kind by the Eastern Maine Fair Association, under the auspices of the New England Agricultural Society, is confidently expected to attract visitors as well as exhibitors from all parts of the State, whose numbers will be immensely reinforced by the multitude of similar attendants which the New England Society will bring from the other States of this section.

The New England Fair never went so far east before as Bangor, which is an item of fresh interest in itself. Portland has hitherto been the extreme eastern limit of its progress in these Eastern States. For this reason, the efforts put forth locally for the success of this enterprise are in a sense of an entirely new character; so that it may be fairly said that the prospects never were better for a noble display. The exhibition is expected to be particularly rich and varied in the department of cattle. Since the appropriation voted by the Maine legislature last winter for the purpose of encouraging this fundamental interest in farming, the show of oxen and steers, together with fat cattle, has seemed to make its appearance in the State as by some magical process. They have almost sprung into existence under fostering legislative care. The result is described as really wonderful. And the lovers of this class of live stock should by no means miss the opportunity of seeing the display that will be made at Bangor next month.

There are also provided additional accommodations for horses, not less than fifty new stalls having been recently erected. Abundance of room is likewise furnished for farm implements and machinery, an additional space of large dimensions having been roofed in for that purpose. This will constitute, as it should, one of the strongest features of the exhibition. All the other departments will be kept up to the highest standard, and together furnish an agricultural exposition of the largest pretensions. The combined effect will not fail to be imposing. In all respects the officers of the Eastern Maine Fair Association have worked with the New England Society with tireless energy and zeal to produce a result that will make the farmers of New England prouder than ever of their vocation.

The migratory habit which seems to be the necessary feature of the New England Agricultural Society is happily the most expressive one which it wears. By going, as it does, from State to State, and drawing out the local interest and energy of each in agriculture, it performs a work that would not so effectually be done if its relations to the rest were stationary. It thus teaches the art of agriculture by repeated example. In no known school of instruction is object teaching so impressively inculcated. It is a school of observation and comparison only, and mere theories are compelled to wait for presentation and verification. Not only are representative agricultural products from far-apart localities brought together in a common display, but the local interest in farming that is felt by different communities is localized and concentrated upon a single section, and thus the interest of that section is revitalized and renewed. This is a consideration of far greater weight and worth than is generally thought.

By bringing together from all the States agricultural contributions of the first class, and inviting a single section to make its best display on its own ground, it is obvious that the combination will be all the more effective both in respect to display and instructiveness. As is the case the present year, Eastern Maine is stimulated by the expected visit of the rest of New England to put forth unusual exertions for the fullest display of her agricultural resources; and the result will be, not a competitive so much as a combined exhibition, in which one section naturally leads the others which for the time are to be its welcome guests. The rest of New England feels sure of being treated to a local exhibition which could not be so fully and effectually secured in any other way. And in addition to the agricultural display itself, the congress of thousands of persons, all personally interested in farming, is an event of large importance to the entire section of country from which its representatives collect to proclaim each year the supremacy of agriculture in the common life.

THE CATTLE MEN.

Public attention is concentrated on the cattle men just now by the peremptory positiveness of the President's proclamation to them, and the report of the personal interview which a delegation of them subsequently had with him. The proclamation ordered them all to vacate their leases and get out of the Indian Territory within forty days. They subsequently waited on him to try to induce him to modify his order. He told them positively that he would not. After making their statement, they said they only solicited that measure of protection to their property which is accorded to other established interests. They said the enforcement of the order would result only in great injury to themselves as well as to others with whom they had business relations. A number of them pleaded for a modification of the executive order by granting an extension of time. The President finally answered that, as he understood it, the application meant that cattle should be allowed to remain on the reservation until next spring. To which they replied that they did ask until spring in which to finish the business, though they would get out as soon as they could.

Then said the President: "There is one point that seems to escape your attention, gentlemen. That point is before my eye, and it is the public interest. We have lately seen what fear can be created by thirty or forty Indians. Within two hours a letter has come to my desk from the Governor of Kansas, urging that the troops on the border of that State should not be withdrawn. The highest officer in the army, one experienced in Indian affairs, reports the situation in the Territory, and says that the cause of the irritation is the presence of the cattle men." Then he proceeded to state the actual facts in relation to the lands still owned by the Indians. He said that a section of country containing four and a quarter million acres was set apart for the Indians; that only one-tenth of that number of acres is left; that the Indians are crowded down to the agencies; that the Indians might themselves some of them have consented to it; that it is apparent that thisstate of things cannot continue; that one side or the other must give way,—on one side being public peace, public security, and the safety of lives, on the other being their private interests. The President declared that the former must be considered.

He then told the delegation of cattle men plainly that "the question of putting off this removal until next spring is inadmissable. The order cannot be modified. I want to see some diligence in complying with the order. Twelve days have passed. Precious time is lost. . . . Here you are after twelve days have passed. If any indulgence is shown, it must be an application in specific cases, with evidence that an effort has been made to comply with the order. If your interests led you out of the Territory instead of in, I cannot help but think you would find some way out in the specified time. I wish you would cooperate, and take hold and try to get the cattle off. No argument will induce me to change what has been done. Some loss and inconvenience will no doubt follow, but there is an interest greater than yours which must receive attention." No language could be less open to two meanings. It has been asserted that the cattle companies are largely organized in Boston and the East; but it is contrarily asserted that these companies are not concerned in the leasing of land from the Indians, but own the lands on which their increasing herds are kept.

JOHN C. HANCOCK.

It is with a sorrow which cannot be uttered that we announce the death of Mr. J. C. Hancock, at his home in Charlestown, last Saturday night. His decease was preceded by only a brief confinement to the house, and occurred at ten o'clock. Mr. Hancock, though complaining for some time previous, refused to compromise with disease until it finally forced him to abandon his long occupied post and succumb. All his life he had found his recreation only in his work, and he would heed no different suggestions to the last. As Foreman in the printing office of the *Ploughman* from the date of its establishment, his sudden withdrawal by death from the place with which no one else was ever associated creates a void that will only be the more felt as time forces upon us its saddening realization.

Mr. Hancock was born in Boston in December, 1814. In early life he became an apprentice to learn the printer's trade of W. W. Wheildon, who was subsequently the publisher and proprietor of the Bunker Hill Aurora, of Charlestown. On attaining his legal majority he was made foreman in the printing establishment of George Bemis, who created the new business, rendered necessary by the increase of weekly and monthly publications, of performing the composition and press work of a number of papers in the same building and establishment. It was while here that he made up the first issue of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, under William Buckminster, in 1841. That charge was continued to him till the day of his death, a period of forty-four years. It is rare indeed that a career of human industry is so prolonged and steadfast, or that a human life is thus devoted to a single purpose.

We cannot conclude this announcement of the decease of such a man and associate without paying a tribute, however unworthy, to his sterling character and exceptional worth. Mr. Hancock was wedded to the *Ploughman* from the first. He was a part of it in every fibre of his living sympathy. Its fortunes were his fortunes, and in the steady and visible growth of its influence and prosperity he recognized his own personal triumphs and satisfactions. A more devotedly faithful man in his sphere it would be impossible to find, or one more thoroughly unselfish and bountiful with voluntary effort. He was a sure reliance in an exigency, and his judgment and skill in all matters pertaining to the typographical make-up of a weekly paper were unerring. As a man, as life run parallel with the line of industry and thrift. He was early and late in his place, the interruption even of holidays being distasteful to him. In friendship inflexible, in integrity spotless, he leaves for us all a name and a memory that will be sincerely cherished to the end of life.

READ AND RUN.

—General Sherman accunes to speak in Boston on General's Grant.

—The funeral drapings throughout the city were removed early in the week.

—Extensive preparations are making for the meeting of the czar of Russia and the emperor of Austria, which ir to take place in a small town in Moravia.

—The London papers published copious accounts of the funeral of General Grant.

—A number of English residents of India are reported to have become converts to Buddhism.

—Mr. John Ruskin is seriously ill.

—Victor Hugo is now claimed as a German.

—The new monthly to be published by the Scribners of New York will deal largely in what is called news interest. It will be copiously illustrated.

—The newly married Princess Beatrice is said to be a great walker, and a large stock of boots and shoes formed a part of her bridal trousseau.

—Europe has expended, last year, nearly a million dollars on armaments.

— Worth, the famous Paris dressmaker, though acknowledged a king in his own realm, has nevertheless been made a baron in another. By the bye, he denies that feminine dresses were ever made up at such an extravagant price as $1800.

— The Prince of Wales goes to more balls and does more dancing than any married man of his years in London. Even bachelors beyond forty cannot compete with him.

— The crude and inartistic designs for draping the New York public buildings, as well as for the vehicle on which the remains are to be borne in the great procession, are made the topic of plain criticism, with some timely suggestions, by some of the New York papers.

— A beautiful woman is attracting marked attention in Brookfield, Mass. She is elegantly dressed and leads the life of a recluse. She has not spoken for four weeks, and it is the general opinion of experienced married men that she must be insane.

— The Florida pine apple crop is expected soon to be more important than the orange. The common scrub and palmetto lands of south Florida seem just suited to it.

— The botanist of the Ohio Agricultural Station has been estimating the number of seeds found upon a single plant of several of the most obnoxious weeds grown in that State. The ordinary sized shepherd's purse contained 37,500 seeds per plant; The dandelion, 12,103 seeds in each plant; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,900; the common thistle, 65,366; chamomile, 15,920; butterwood, 8,587; ragweed,4,366; common purslane, 388,800; common plantain, 43,200; burdock, 38,086.

— A consignment of catfish was recently forwarded by our Government to the National Fish Culture Association of Great Britain, with a view to their being acclimatized to the waters of that country. The catfish is a valuable food fish, and if cultivated would assume a high rank among fresh-water fishes of British waters.

— Cholera continues its ravages in Spain the deaths being in an increasing number.

— The death rate in Boston last week was 230, which is nearly a rate of 28 per 1000 inhabitants.

—The Boston Advertiser, speaking of General Grant's funeral, says that its pomp and parade seemed not entirely appropriate to the modest and unassuming man who called it forth.

— According to the traditions of the Jewish rabbis, there was no physical illness among men before the flood. When it came to death, a man just sneezed and expired, and that was all.

— The funeral pageant in New York on Saturday last was one without a parallel in this country, not a mishap occurred, notwithstanding the vast multitude that was participating in and witnessing the display.

—Seven persons perished in the fire at Manchester, N. H., on Friday night of last week.

—As there is no special reason for immediate action, the President's proposal to issue a proclamation ordering all live stock off the reservations in the Indian Territory has been deferred for a time.

— The English Liberal leaders have failed to complete their negotiations for forming an electoral programme that shall unite all sections of the party.

— The condition of Gen. Israel Putnam's grave at Putnam, Conn., is spoken of as a disgrace to the State.

—It is stated that a new order of the Secretary of War will cause a great flutter among young men.

READEAND RUN.

— There are indications that Lord Salisbury is preparing for the permanent occupation of Egypt by England. The war office has been ordered to strengthen the Egyptian army.

— The governors of five of the Northern States of Mexico have, it is rumored, been in secret counsel together for several days, in the State of Nuevo Leon. In the event of the English debt in its new form being forced on the people, it is proposed that the eastern and northern States secede in a body.

— The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company will build a large elevator in Montreal at once, to cost a quarter of a million dollars.

— A Lincoln County farmer in Maine is said to have got up in his sleep one night last week, dressed himself, got his scythe, and mowed a swath forty rods long in the field before he woke up.

— At the coming celebration of Concord's 250th anniversary, a number of inscribed tablets will be placed on the town's historic spots. One, to be placed on a huge bowlder, reads thus:—"On this farm dwelt Simon Willard, one of the founders of Concord, who did good service for town and colony for more than forty years."

— Print cloths have advanced in the Boston market one-eighth cent. per yard since July 31, and there is an increased demand for dry goods.

— Crop reports everywhere continue favorable, and the South as an entire section has not a syllable of complaint to make.

— The newest design for a "scarecrow" is a scarecrow windmill, with sleigh bells attached. The wind makes the fans go round, and they jingle the bells, greatly annoying the crows. The latter had become well acquainted with the pole and hat, tattered coat and straw-stuffed trousers.

— The Hartford Courant well says, early in the present week: "Let it end now. Let the vigilant reporters be called off forthwith, and let the family of General Grant be alone with their sorrow, as any other bereaved family would be. It will be a mercy to them, and will be one way of showing respect to the dead General by showing respect and consideration for those he loved."

— Northern immigration is flowing into North Carolina in a small but steady stream. It is mostly made up of farmers and mechanics, and goes to the western part of the State.

— If war were to break out between this country and any one of the ironclad owning nations of the world, not only would Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the other great ports of entry, be at the mercy of the enemy, but Washington, with all its records and treasures, would, so far as artificial defences are concerned, be so open to attack as to invite capture or destruction.

— The trade reports were more encouraging last week than during any previous week of the summer.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Twentieth Session.

As the 9th of September, 1885, draws nearer, letters from all quarters of North America indicate that the number of delegates will be unusually large; that there will be many fine collections of fruit, especially from the Central and Southern States.

It will especially gratify pomologists, old and young, to learn that the venerable President, Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, expects to attend the session.

The 20th biennial session of the American Pomological Society will convene at Grand Rapids, Michigan, beginning at 10 o'clock, A. M., Sept. 9th, and continuing for three days.

On arriving, delegates will report promptly at the rooms of the Secretary at Sweet's Hotel, or at the place of meeting, which is the First Presbyterian Church.

Fruits for exhibition should be sent, charges prepaid, to Charles W. Garfield, for the American Pomological Society. Exhibitors should give early notice stating the space needed. They should avoid duplicates, and in case of apples, pears and quinces, bring *six* of each kind. New sorts, novelties and the leading standard varieties are most desired, and all should be accurately and plainly labeled. The only awards are a limited number of silver and bronze Wilder medals.

Members who intend purchasing tickets on the roads of Michigan should apply to the Secretary beforehand, and get the proper blanks for identification. Members who have paying full fare to Grand Rapids will there be furnished with a certificate entitling them to return on the same road at reduced rates. No arrangements for reduced rates have been made with other roads than those of Michigan.

On Saturday morning the 12th, by invitation of the State Board of Agriculture, delegates will visit the Agricultural College, situated three miles east of Lansing.

Pamphlets will be distributed giving interesting and valuable information in regard to the Horticulture of Michigan.

The hotels of Grand Rapids will furnish good and ample accommodations. The following are centrally located and will receive delegates as follows, viz.:—Sweet's Hotel, Rathbun House, New Eagle, Morton.

Much care has been taken to select topics which are suitable for a society covering such a vast extent of country. To secure valuable information and make the discussions lively and interesting, one or more persons, by invitation, have consented to prepare themselves to take the lead in each subject. It is believed that a better list of distinguished pomologists was never before announced for any meeting.

A detailed programme will likely be issued for the sessions of each day.

PROGRAMME.

Discussion of new fruits, Apples, Pears, Peaches, etc., etc. W. C. Barry of N. Y., T. S. Hubbard of N. Y., W. C. Strong of Mass.

Proper Nomenclature of Fruits. J. J. Thomas of N. Y., P. Barry of N. Y., T. T. Lyon of Mich., Robert Manning of Mass.

Seedling Plums of Russian Apples. Chas. Gibb of Quebec.

The Strawberry. F. M. Hexamer of N. Y.

The causes that produce colors in fruits and their design in nature. Jos. H. Bourn of R. I.

Influence of Pollen on the size, form, color and flavor of fruits. C. M. Hovey of Mass., A. S. Fuller of N. J., Prof. W. R. Lazenby of Ohio, W. Crawford of Ohio.

American Grapes. T. V. Munson of Texas, J. B. Moore of Mass., G. W. Campbell of Ohio.

Small Fruits. Granville Cowing of Ind., C. A. Green of N. Y., E. Williams of N. J.

Fruits of the Northeast. Dr. T. S. Hoskins of Vt.

Fruits of the North. D. W. Beadle of Ontario.

Fruits of the Northwest. Peter M. Gideon of Minn., Prof. J. L. Budd of Iowa.

Fruits of the South. P. J. Berckmans of Georgia, T. V. Munson of Texas, John Saul of District of Columbia.

Fruits of the Pacific Slope. Dr. J. Strentzel of California.

Lessons from the World's Exposition. L. A. Goodman of Mo., T. T. Lyon of Mich.

Relative value of Fruits for Canning and Drying in comparison with those for Dessert and Market. Josiah Hoopes of Penn.

Insects injurious to Fruits and Remedies. Prof. Wm. Saunders of Ontaria, Prof. C. V. Riley of District of Columbia, Prof. W. R. Lazenby of Ohio.

Recent experiments with injurious fungi or diseases of plants, with remedies. Prof. T. J. Burrill of Illinois, Prof. J. C. Arthur of N. Y., Dr. C. E. Bessey of Neb.

Distant shipment of Fruits, packing and other arrangements to secure success and profit. Parker Earle of Ill., G. C. Brackett of Kansas.

The best latitude for leading varieties of Apples for marketing. W. H. Ragan of Ind., C. E. Brown of N. S.

The best methods for preventing or protection from frost. Prof. W. R. Lazenby of Ohio, F. K. Phœnix of Wis.

The best methods of exhibiting fruits. R. W. Furnas of Neb., Prof. S. Tracy of Mo.

Needs and methods for gathering fruit statistics. Hon. W. I. Chamberlain of Ohio.

Methods of conducting State and Local Horticultural Societies. Geo. Elwanger of N. Y., L. R. Pierce of Ohio.

Hard problems in Pomology, with hints looking towards improvements. J. J. Thomas of N. Y., Prof. J. L. Budd of Iowa, Judge G. W. Lawton of Mich.

Injurious Fungi and Diseases of Plants. A popular illustrated lecture on the evening of Sept. 9th. By Dr. C. E. Bessey of Nebraska.

Economic Entomology. A popular illustrated lecture on the evening of Sept. 10th. By Prof. A. J. Cook of Mich.

The closing exercises, on Friday evening of Sept. 11th, will consist of many *very short* practical talks.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, *President*,
Boston, Mass.
PROF. W. J. BEAL, *Secretary*,
Agricultural College, Mich.

HON. BYRON G. STOUT, Pontiac,
HON. H. G. REYNOLDS, Old Mission,
HON. A. J. WEBBER, Ionia,
HON. W. K. GIBSON, Jackson,
HON. W. L. WEBBER, East Saginaw,
JUDGE J. G. RAMSDELL, Traverse City,
Committee of Michigan State Horticultural Society.
S. L. FULLER,
C. W. GARFIELD,
W. N. COOK,
W. K. MUNSON,
Committee for Grand Rapids.

A DAY WITH "JERSEYS."

Mr. D. F. Appleton, of Ipswich (or at any rate of the old General Appleton farm which is *in* Ipswich), has a very pleasant habit, at appropriate intervals, of inviting his friends from far and near to see what he is doing upon his well-kept acres. At one time he successfully tries the experiment of rising his cream in deep, narrow cans, instead of the old-time way of using broad, shallow pans; and then the experiment becomes a settled thing for his farm, and no more a necessary subject of debate except as a mere gratification for those who love to debate. At another time he opens a silo (of course for the first time at his place, and this was some years ago), and his friends are invited in to see for themselves just how the stock take to ensilage when it is for the first time made a recognized article of their bill of fare. At another time he has a fine collection of Jersey stock (which was the case on Thursday of last week); and, the season being propitious, he invites a pleasant company to meet, look over his animals, and partake of the abundant cheer of the hospitable farm mansion, which, at this season, has an air of summer-day comfort all about it, and (what it no doubt always has) an atmosphere of pleasantness within.

Mr. Appleton is apparently a "man of means," and it will be interesting to Essex County farmers to know (or at any rate to be told) that he acquired his means by engaging in the raising of fancy stock and by ideal farming generally. Dr. Loring let this fact out at the dinner table, by setting forth in a general way that conspicuous blessing of stock-raising, by which men who have never been able to build up a profitable business in anything else can always turn to this with the sure hope of living in plenty and affluence. Mr. Appleton (being a well-bred and polite host), did not seem to take the least offence at this revelation of his private affairs by the "offensive partisan" who is now suffering the penalty for his political sins, but simply smiled audibly, as did his business partner in the Waltham watch business (Mr. Royal E. Robbins), who probably made all his money by what he has been able to save in his household expenses by making his own butter from the milk of the two or three Jersey cows he keeps (or his own family use, which (he quietly informed the writer) is the extent of his stock farming. The remarks of the ex-Commissioner of Agriculture in this particular direction, were very comforting to many people present, including at least two representatives of the newspaper fraternity, who felt renewed hopes that when the sacrifices incidental to keeping the world straight were over, the Jersey cow business would always be an open and available pathway by which one can spend his closing days in peace and plenty, where hash, hasty pudding, and other picked up dishes, give way to roast pigs, salads, choice meats, ice creams and the most delicious coffee.

But (humor aside long enough to say it) Mr. Appleton has a very fine collection of Jersey stock, and it is one of the leading enjoyments of his life to raise it and then feed and then point out nearly every animal in it, and go through its line of descent in a way that would delight even a human geneologist. The classical and royal names given to the noble ancestry from which these cows and calves sprung tends very much to set the mind thinking about the relation between a Jersey cow and mankind; and always to the human kind; whether the human race is, as a whole, giving as much care to its own improvement as it is capable of doing; and whether the theory of "animal immortality" has had quite as full and free and fair a show as it deserves in the efforts to penetrate into the mysteries of futurity. At any rate, be all this as it may, the dairy boys have a very gentle, docile and intelligent look, and may be fondled and caressed in a very familiar way. People interested in stock-raising may like to know regarding the character of Mr. Appleton's stock, that of the seventy-five Jerseys now on the farm, fifty have more or less of the blood of Dauncy's Rioter, mostly through Rioter 2d. Of the thirteen calves all are *Rioters* excepting two, which are *inbred Coomassies*. Of the twenty-seven yearling heifers, all but six are Rioters. Of the thirty-five cows all but sixteen are Rioters, the remainder being mostly *Coomassies* and Scituates. The bulls in use are three, "Young Pedro," Louis of St. Lambert and Lord of Mountaside, the first being an inbred "Rioter Alphea," the 2d an inbred Victor Hugo and Stoke Pogis, and the 3d an inbred *Coomassie* and *Carlo*. The people present took a great deal of interest in examining the animals of this line of descent, besides enjoying the appliances and fertile soil of the farm itself.

At about dinner time Mr. Appleton invited his guests into the house, and they all sat down to tables that were loaded with an abundance of good things. At the close of the feast the host welcomed his guests, who must have numbered forty persons, more or less, besides the family, and proceeded to introduce each other by calling upon those who each man was, and what he was distinguished for, so far as he was distinguished for anything in particular. Besides this, he defended himself against certain imputations previously indulged in by a member of the company, to the effect that he was the possessor of pugnacious qualities in defending his own side of a question. He said he had no such knowledge and believed himself, but if it shall prove that these are reasonably full and duly authenticated, the comparisons which may be made between that remote appearance and its recent and present returns cannot fail to be specially interesting and instructive. The possibility of comparisons which comets of short period, though faint objects in themselves, offer, make them of more interest to men of science than are most of those flaming meteors which captivate the popular mind while visible, but which never return.

☞ Dr. Warren's Bilious Bitters are a valuable family medicine.

— The vital statistics of Massachusetts, recently compiled, show, by comparison of the ten years following 1850 with the ten years following 1875, that, while the population has increased 66 per cent., the number of marriages during the latter decade was only 28 per cent. greater than in the former. Both decades comprised years of financial and industrial depression. The same tendency to diminution of marriages is shown in other communities. In Connecticut the increase in population was about 56 per cent., and the increase in marriages only about 14 per cent. In Ohio the increase in population was 37 per cent., and the increase in marriages only 26 per cent.

☞ KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "SCIENCE OF LIFE," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men. aprll–y

—One half of the merchandise freight brought to New York from the West during the month of June came by way of the Erie Canal.

☞ WE ARE doing you a benefit in calling your attention to DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR as a cure for Heart Disease. Neither occupy or purchase sympathetic. If you are not troubled, inform your friend who is. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

—The condition of the cotton crop is reported much improved. The general average is stated to be 96 1-2, a point only once excelled in the August returns for ten years, and that in 1880.

☞ HOUSEKEEPERS are cautioned against vile counterfeits on JAMES PYLE'S celebrated PEARLINE, with names of a similar sound, and in packages of a similar shape. Pearline is the only safe article to make washing easy, quick and cheap.

—Jumping from morning railway trains to recover a lost hat or to show a determination not to be carried by a desired station continues to be a practice which nothing but the lack of lives to sacrifice seems likely to stop.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 15, 1881.

"I HAVE BEEN SICK WITH PLEURISY AND pneumonia. It left me with a very hard, hacking cough. All of the physicians and medicine did me no good. A friend advised me to try Adamson's Cough Balsam, one bottle of which did me more good than all the doctors and medicines I have tried; and I shall recommend it far and near.

"MARY A. BROCKWELL."

—The first peach train from Delaware arrived in Boston over the New York and New England Railroad, last Monday morning, being four days later than last year and three days earlier than the year before. It was made up of five cars, and was a little more than 400 miles from the orchards.

☞ Dr. W. H. Wilson, of Springfield, Georgia, says: "Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for dropsy and kidney diseases that I ever used."

—The hackmen still continue masters of the situation at Niagara Falls, as they are familiar with all the methods for deceiving and fleecing visitors.

☞ Dr. Gilbert Clark, of Warren, R. I., says: "Hunt's Remedy for dropsy and kidney diseases, is a standard remedy."

—Judge James Garland died, a few days ago, at Lynchburg, Va., at the age of 95 years. He continued the practice of law until he was 92 years old.

☞ Ayer's Ague Cure never fails to cure Fever and Ague, and all malarial disorders. Warranted.

—Five Boston cattle companies have over three million dollars each invested in stock on the plains.

☞ "I was all run down, and Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the medicine I needed," write hundreds of people. Take it now.

—The American Forestry Congress holds its fifth annual meeting in Boston on the 22nd and the two following days. It will occupy Horticultural Hall by invitation of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla fully justifies the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine. Indeed, these very claims are based entirely on what the people say Hood's Sarsaparilla has done. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing statements of many cures.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Aug. 7th, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Warren Cheney of Newark, N. J., to Fannie M. Munroe of Braintree, Mass.

In Franklin, Aug. 1st, by Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, Harry O. B. Nichols of Holliston to Grace S. Pond of Franklin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Aug. 10th, Mrs. William G. Appleton, 92 years.

In Charlestown District, Aug. 8th, John C. Hancock, 70 years 7 months 12 days.

In Lincoln, Mass., Florence S. Morrill, wife of Frank W. Morrill, 26 years 10 months.

In Wakefield, Aug. 6th, Mrs. Susan S. Parker, formerly of Barnstead, N. H., 72 years 10 months 23 days.

In Somerville, Aug. 10th, Lucinda B. Sprague, widow of the late Moses Sprague.

In Grafton, Mass., Aug. 7th, Sylvia, widow of the late Hon. Otis Adams, 86 years.

In Dorchester, Aug. 8th, Reuel Alden, 86 years 8 months.

In Cambridge, Aug. 8th, Eliza A., eldest daughter of the late Hon. Lewis Harding of Norfolk, Mass.

In Newburyport, Aug. 6th, William Noyes, Jr., 39 years 1 month 22 days.

In East Lexington, Aug. 9th, George Stearns, 67 years 9 months 6 days.

In Marlboro', Mass., Aug. 6th, George H. Adams.

In Lynn, Aug. 6th, suddenly, Hon. John Batchelder, 60 years.

In Hingham, Aug. 5th, Israel Chittenden, 79 years 11 months.

In Cambridge, Aug. 8th, John Hartt, 71 years.

In Dorchester, Aug 4th, Mr. Sarah W. Hendry, wife of William Hendry, 67 years 3 months 26 days.

In Medford, Aug. 7th, Mrs. Emily J. B. Hicks of Dorchester, 82 years 7 months.

In Randolph, Aug. 3d, Henry Bradford Howard, 48 years 6 months.

In Charlestown District, Aug. 3d, Charles F. Newell, 60 years 2 months.

In Milton, Aug. 8th, John Packard, 55 years 3 months 8 days.

In Medford, Aug. 7th, Mrs. Sarah W. Richards, 74 years 4 months.

In Everett, Aug. 6th, Capt. David Larcom, 44 years 1 month.

In Dorchester, Aug. 8th, T. Wm. Doane, 34 years.

ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL PURE
GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. nov8-181

☞ Whatever is strictly in season and up to the current demand in matters agricultural, *Messrs. Parker & Wood*, 49 North Market street, may be relied on to supply to any required limit. The next machine to be in demand on farms is the ensilage cutter, and this they are specially prepared on. The Ross Ensilage Cutter is a machine admirably adapted to the uses it is to serve, and its special and superior merits are fully stated in this firm's advertisement in another column. An illustrated pamphlet sets it forth in all its features. Horse Power is likewise largely in stock at the same establishment, together with a full variety of agricultural implements, seeds, and tools.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING August 15.

Amount of Stock at market—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats.	Fat Hogs.	Veal.
This week	1477	16,117	99	13,299	1031
Last week	2936	17,481	116	12,855	991
One yr ago	2889	15,986	189	15,688	666

Horses 392

Prices.

Beef.—Per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $6 25@6 75; first quality, $5 75@6 00; second quality, $5 25@5 60; third quality, $5 25@5 60; a few choice single pairs, $; some of the poorest bulls, &c., $4 25@4 75.

Working Oxen.—$100@225@ ; handy steers, $60@120 or much according to their value for beef.

**Cows and Young Cal

Good Appetite

health depends largely on the condition of the liver. This organ is easily affected because of its sluggish circulation. When it becomes disordered, stagnant blood accumulates in its venous system, causing it to discharge inert or bad bile. Many forms of disease result from its imperfect action, which deranges all the digestive and assimilative organs, and, through these, impairs almost every function of mind and body. There is no

Better Health

way to insure the proper action of all the apparatus necessary to health, than to aid the stomach and liver by the occasional use of Ayer's Pills. E. A. Robinson, 131 School st., Lowell, Mass., says: "For a number of years I was stationed in the tropics; and, while there, suffered much from torpidity of the liver and indigestion. Headaches and nausea disabled me for days at a time, and it was only by the use of Ayer's Pills that I obtained relief. I know them to be the

Best Found in

Cathartic Pills. They stimulate the appetite, assist digestion, and leave the bowels in a natural condition." John H. Watson, proprietor University Hotel, Chapel Hill, N. C., writes: "For twenty years I was a sufferer with sick headache. I began taking Ayer's Pills, and quickly found relief. I have not had an attack of headache for years, and attribute my freedom from it to the use of Ayer's Pills." Jared Agnew, LaCrosse, Wis., writes: "I was cured of a grievous attack of Erysipelas by using

Ayer's Pills,

Pills for twenty days." These Pills have been most successfully used in treatment of obstinate cases of Dropsy.

the composition of Ayer's Pills. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, Boston, Mass., certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills, with the formula of their preparation. They contain the active principles of well known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skilful combination." Ayer's

taken in connection with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, have effected thousands of wonderful cures.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Druggists.

Stover Windmill.

HIGHEST AWARD AT THE CENTENNIAL.

HIGHEST AWARD AT MASS. CHARITABLE MECH'S ASSOC'N, 1884.

And Numerous other Medals & Diplomas.

THE SIMPLEST MILL MADE

This OLD and RELIABLE Windmill has now been in use for over 13 Years, and persons intending to employ this economical method of water supply either for *Residences, Dairies, Florists, Institutions*, Town and Village Water Service or other purposes, will find it for their advantage to call upon us or send for Catalogue. This mill requires less attention than any other mill made, a *special feature* being the *antifriction ball bearings* upon which the turn table rests and turns. This will commend itself at once to any mechanic, as of great importance, as *no oiling* is required here, and friction is reduced to the lowest point, thus allowing the wheel to move *quickly* into the wind and commence work. The Workmanship and FINISH is of a superior order, and satisfaction is always guaranteed.

PUMPS, TANKS, PIPE, and all other fittings furnished and ESTIMATES given.

Written testimonials from our customers may be seen at our office.

HENRY W. PEABODY & CO.,

New England Agents, Mason Building, Liberty Sq., Boston. jly4 13t

Dr. Carson's Nerve Tonic,

FOR MEN.

This medicine has been used by me in my practice for many years, for the treatment of Nervous Prostration, Mental Derangement, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all affections of the Kidneys and Generative Organs. I have never met with anything that will do as much good, and in the hands of thousands, who, had it not been for its timely help, would have ended their lives in the insane asylum, it has proved a perfect boon. I am now giving up my active practice to devote my time to the manufacture of this TONIC where it will do the most good. I have therefore had it put up in full form, so as to be sent through the mail in plain wrappers, free from observation, to all parts of the world. But few cases which have been pronounced "incurable," are to be found, where the use of this TONIC has not been followed more or less closely by the use of the NERVE TONIC. A large and varied experience gives me the confidence to say that I can restore lost vitality more rapidly and permanently than any other physician in the world. Every form of Nervous Weakness, especially that of the Generative Organs, such as Seminal Emissions, Impotency, etc., is completely cured by it, and often by a single bottle. Before purchasing, send 4 cent stamp for pamphlet, written by the celebrated editor of HEALTH AND HOME, Dr. Hale, who knows of its virtues by having used it in his own family for a long time, and large and lucrative practice.

SINGLE BOX, $1.00; SIX BOXES, $5.00.

Address DR. CARSON, 723 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 15th, 1884.*

We have known Dr. Carson for several years, and we know what he states in the above advertisement to be literally true; in fact, in our own hands the Tonic has done much more than the above. Dr. H. HALE, M. D., Editor HEALTH AND HOME.

my9-13t

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Boston Field, in Chicago News.

Of the soldier's valor volumes have been written, his patriotism has been extolled by the lustrous immortality of song, and his fame and deeds. Above his head to-day there is left unsaid no word that gratitude or reverence or love inspires. All honor was his reward; and from the long and dreadful war the soldier came unscathed, the leader of his fellow patriots, the commander of his country's armies. History has told this story, and will tell it to the end of time.

But who shall tell of the soldier's wife, waiting and watching and praying on the hearthstone. These were years of martyrdom to her. What dreams came to her in her restless slumbers; what a sound of battle there was always in her ears; what sights of death haunted her waking moments; what midnight horrors thronged her knees in agonizing pleas with the God of battles; all these are things we may never know. If tears and prayers could speak, how would they tell the glory of her martyrdom! The soldier's wife complained not. The sacrifice made was with that patient fortitude found only in the lives of women. But when the soldier came from the war his gentle wife met him with a sense of devout gratitude, and such was his devotion to his native land, his fame extended over all the earth, every nation did him honor, and when, in search of rest, he went into far countries, great kings and princes came out to meet him and do him reverence. Such and so great distinction ne'er before was shown to any man.

At last, after it all—after all these years of war and reverence—the soldier said to his wife that they would give their declining years to that home life for which she had always hungered. And the wife's heart was glad, and she felt that the sacrifices and the martyrdom of the old years were not in vain. But her happiness was all too brief; a great and crushing grief came to the soldier's wife. A mortal disease fell upon the soldier and struck him down, and held him in its fatal clutch for weary months. The soldier's wife saw her beloved dying day by day, and, struggle as she might, she had not the power to save him. The people made a great outcry. All the sympathy of the world went out toward the dying soldier, and the world prayed that he might be spared, but all availed not.

But when the death-dew came upon the soldier's forehead and the mists of the dark valley gathered about him, he beckoned to his wife, and she came to his side and held his hand and bent and kissed his rugged brow. You would not have recognized in that haggard, dying man and white-haired woman the little boy and little girl who played together on those western prairies in those dear, distant years when the little boy first told his little sweetheart that he wanted to be a soldier.

The soldier said to his wife, "Hold my hand and let me feel your face close to mine."

And the soldier's wife did as she was bidden, and she felt that her heart was breaking.

The soldier said: "I have heard all my countrymen have said, and it has soothed my dying agonies. I am glad I am a soldier."

Then the soldier's wife said "Amen," and, as she breathed the word, her thoughts went back over all the troublous years—and, even to the peaceful, homely days when he and she were little sweethearts. And she said "Amen" once again as all the sacred memories of those years came back to her.

"Bend closer, that you may hear me," said the soldier. "My countrymen have said that they would give me a great burial and build a splendid monument over my grave. Let it not be so, unless you are with me there. Let us sleep our last sleep together, side by side."

Oh, what a sweet recompense this was for all the years of heartache and of yearning! And, as the soldier's wife kissed her beloved's eyelids down forever, there came into her widowed heart the peace of a perfect love.

LATEST IMPROVED

HORSE-POWER

MACHINES

The most satisfactory machines in the market for

Threshing and Cleaning Grain and Sawing Wood.

Acknowledged by all competent judges to be the most thoroughly reliable machines in the market, regarding easy draft, quantity and quality of work, and durability. Send for 48-page Pamphlet giving full description and terms, FREE.

Address

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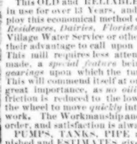

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AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

STATE AND PROVINCIAL FAIRS.

New England, Bangor, Me.	Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
American Institute, New York	Sept. 30, Dec. 5
California, Sacramento	Sept. 7, 19
Central Ontario, Hamilton	Sept. 21, 25
Connecticut, Meriden	Sept. 15, 18
Delaware, Dover	Sept. 30, Oct. 3
Illinois, Chicago	Sept. 14, 18
Illinois Fat Stock, Chicago	Nov. 10, 19
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 28, Oct. 3
Iowa, Des Moines	Sept. 4, 11
Kansas, Lawrence	Sept. 7, 12
Kansas, Topeka	Sept. 14, 19
Kansas City (Mo) Fat Stock	Oct. 29, Nov. 4
Kentucky, Lexington	Aug. 25, 29
Louisville, Louisville	Aug. 15, Oct. 24
Maine, Lewiston	Sept. 21, 25
Maryland, Hagerstown	Oct. 20, 23
Massachusetts Horticultural, Boston	Sept. 15, 18
Michigan, Kalamazoo	Sept. 14, 18
Milwaukee, Industrial	Sept. 2, Oct. 17
Minneapolis, Industrial	Aug. 31, Sept. 5
Minnesota, St. Paul	Sept. 7, 12
Montana, Helena	Aug. 24, 29
Nebraska, Lincoln	Sept. 11, 18
New Hampshire, Manchester	Sept. 23, 26
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept. 14, 18
New York, Albany	Sept. 10, 16
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct. 12, 17
Ohio, Columbus	Aug. 31, Sept. 4
Ontario Provincial, London	Sept. 7, 12
Oregon, Salem	Sept. 21, 26
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia	Sept. 27, Oct. 7
Rhode Island, Providence	Sept. 21, 25
St. Louis, St. Louis	Oct. 5, 10
St. Louis Exposition	Sept. 9, Oct. 24
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 10, 13
Toronto, Industrial	Sept. 8, 18
Tri-State Toledo, Ohio	Sept. 7, 12
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 7, 11
Virginia, Richmond	Oct. 21, 23
West Virginia, Wheeling	Sept. 7, 12
West Virginia Central, Clarksburg	Sept. 22, 25
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 7, 11

Maine State and County Fairs.

Franklin, Farmington	Sept. 16, 17
Kennebec, Readfield Corner	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Knox, Rockland	Sept. 22, 25
North Penobscot, Lincoln	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Oxeipee Valley Union, Cornish	Sept. 29, Oct. 3
Oxford, South Paris	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Sagadahoc, Topsham	Oct. 13, 15
Shapleigh and Acton, Shapleigh	Oct. 6, 8
Washington, Pembroke	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
West Oxford, Fryeburg	Oct. 6, 8
West Penobscot, Exeter	Sept. 29, 30

New Hampshire State and County Fairs.

Cheshire, Keene	Sept. 23, 25
Oak Park, Greenfield	Sept. 8, 10
Rochester, Rochester	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Suncook Valley, Pittsfield	Oct. 7, 8
Upper Coos and Essex, Colebrook	Sept. 23, 24

Vermont County Fairs.

Addison, Middlebury	Sept., 1, 3
Barre and Orleans County, Point	Sept. 23, 25
Caledonia, St. Johnsbury	Sept. 15, 18
Franklin, Sheldon	Sept. 1, 3
Lamoille Valley, Morristown	Sept. 22, 24
Orange, Bradford	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Orleans, Barton	Sept. 22, 24
Poultney, Poultney	Sept. 22, 24
Rutland, Rutland	Sept. 15, 17
Springfield, Springfield	Sept. 22, 23
Western Vermont, Fair Haven	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Winooski Valley, Waterbury	Sept. 15, 17
Wilmington, Wilmington	Sept. 30

Massachusetts County Fairs.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Newburyport	Sept. 29, 30
Barnstable, Barnstable	Sept. 29, 30
Berkshire, Pittsfield	Sept. 15, 16
Blackstone Valley, Uxbridge	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Bristol, Taunton	Sept. 29, 30
Deerfield Valley, Charlemont	Sept. 24, 25
Essex, Newburyport	Sept. 22, 23
Franklin, Greenfield	Oct. 1, 2
Hampden, Chicopee	Sept. 23, 24
Hampden East, Palmer	Sept. 22, 23
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, Northampton	Oct. 7, 8
Highland, Middlefield	Sept. 9, 10
Hingham, Hingham	Sept. 29, 30
Hoosac Valley, North Adams	Sept. 22, 23
Housatonic, Great Barrington	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Hillside, Cummington	Sept. 29, 30
Marshfield, Marshfield	Sept. 16, 18
Martha's Vineyard, West Tisbury	Oct. 6, 7
Middlesex, Concord	Sept. 29, 30
Middlesex North, Lowell	Sept. 16, 17
Middlesex South, Framingham	Sept. 22, 23
Nantucket, Nantucket	Sept. 9, 10
Plymouth, Bridgewater	Sept. 23, 24
Union, Blandford	Sept. 16, 17
Worcester, Worcester	Sept. 24, 25
Worcester North, Fitchburg	Sept. 29, 30
Worcester Northwest, Athol	Oct. 6, 7
Worcester South, Sturbridge	Sept. 17, 18
Worcester West, Barre	Oct. 1, 2

Rhode Island State and County Fairs

Agricultural, Newport	Sept. 15, 17
Washington, West Kingston	Sept. 15, 17
Woonsocket, Woonsocket	Sept. 15, 17

Connecticut State and County Fairs.

Chester, Chester	Oct. 1
Clinton, Clinton	Sept., 30
Fairfield, Norwalk	Sept. 17, 18
Farmington Valley, Collinsville	Sept. 24, 25
Hillside, Cummington	Sept. 29, 30
New London, Norwich	Sept. 22, 24
Southington, Southington	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Union, Ellington	Sept. 23, 25
Watertown, Watertown	Sept. 22, 24
Westbrook, Westbrook	Oct. 1, 2
Willimantic, Willimantic	Sept. 30, Oct. 2
Windham, Brooklyn	Sept. 22, 24

New York County Fairs.

Allegany, Angelica	Oct. 7, 8
Broome, Johnson's Point	Sept. 8, 11
Cartilage Union, Carthage	Sept. 8, 10
Cattaraugus, Little Valley	Sept. 7, 10
Chautauqua, Jamestown	Sept. 9, 11
Chemung, Elmira	Sept. 22, 25
Columbia, Chatham	Sept. 8, 10
Cooperstown Valley, Randolph	Sept. 23, 24
Duchess, Washington Hollow	Sept. 22, 25
Essex, Westport	Sept. 8, 10
Franklin, Malone	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Fulton, Johnstown	Sept. 1, 3
Genesee, Batavia	Sept. 17, 18
Lewis, Lowville	Sept. 15, 18
Livingston, Genesee	Oct. 6, 7
Montgomery, Fonda	Sept. 8, 10
Niagara, Lockport	Sept. 17, 19
Oneida, Rome	Sept. 22, 24
Onondaga, Syracuse	Sept. 22, 24
Ontario, Canadaigua	Sept. 22, 24
Orange, Newburg	Sept. 15, 17
Orleans, Albion	Sept. 24, 26
Oswegatchie, Ogdensburg	Sept. 8, 10
Oswego, Mexico	Sept. 9, 11
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept. 21, 23
Putnam, Carmel	Sept. 22, 24
Queens, Mineola	Sept. 22, 25
Saratoga, Ballston Spa	Sept. 1, 4
Schenectady, Schenectady	Sept. 1, 4
Schoharie, Schoharie	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Seneca, Waterloo	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Steuben, Bath	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Suffolk, Riverhead	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Tioga, Owego	Sept. 1, 3
Tompkins, Ithaca	Sept. 16, 18
Warren, Glens Falls	Sept. 1, 4
Washington, Fort Edward	Sept. 1, 4
Wayne, Lyons	Sept. 22, 24
Western New York, West Brighton	Sept. 21, 25
Yates, Penn Yan	Oct. 6, 9

County Fairs in Pennsylvania.

Adams, Gettysburg	Sept. 22, 24
Armstrong, Kittanning	Sept. 22, 24
Beaver, Beaver	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Bedford, Bedford	Oct. 6, 9
Berks, Reading	Sept. 8, 11
Blair, Hollidaysburg	Sept. 15, 19
Brandford, Towanda	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Bradford Union, Canton	Sept. 23, 26
Brownstown	Oct. 1, 2
Butler, Butler	Sept. 15, 18
Carbon, Lehighton	Oct. 6 9
Centre, Bellefonte	Sept. 17, 19
Chester, West Chester	Sept. 15, 18
Clarion, Clarion	Oct. 14, 17
Columbia, Bloomsburg	Sept. 8, 12
Connoquenessing Valley, Zelienople	Sept. 8, 12
Crawford, Conneautville	Sept. 30, Oct. 2
Cumberland, Carlisle	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Dayton, Dayton	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Delaware, Elwyn	Oct. 1, 3
Doylestown, Doylestown	Oct. 6, 9
Easton Farmers' and Mech. Institute	Sept. 15, 19
Erie, Erie	Sept. 22, 25
Fayette, Uniontown	Oct. 6, 8
French Creek Valley, Cochranton	Sept. 23, 25
Garrett, Oakland	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Greene, Carmichael's	Oct. 8, 9
Harford, Harford	Sept. 23, 24
Indiana, Indiana	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Jefferson, Brookville	Sept. 23, 25
Juniata, Port Royal	Oct. 7, 9
Keystone and Buckeye, Sharon	Sept. 15, 19
Lackawanna, Scranton	Sept. 22, 25
Lancaster, Lancaster	Sept. 15, 18
Lebanon Valley, Lebanon	Sept. 15, 18
Lehigh, Allentown	Sept. 27, Oct. 1
Luzerne, Wyoming	Oct. 6, 9
Mercer, Stoneboro	Sept. 29, Oct. 1
Mercer Central, Mercer	Sept. 9, 11
Montour, Danville	Oct. 7, 10
Northampton, Nazareth	Oct. 6, 9
North Columbia, Berwick	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Northern Montour, Washingtonville	Oct. 19, 23
Northwestern, Corry	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Oil Creek Valley, Titusville	Sept. 22, 25
Oxford, Oxford	Sept. 23, 25
Petroleum, Parker's Landing	Sept. 22, 24
Potter, Condersport	Sept. 30, Oct. 2
Punxsutawney, Punxsutawney	Sept. 16, 19
Ringtown, Ringtown	Sept. 15, 18
Susquehanna, Montrose	Sept. 16, 17
Tioga, Mansfield	Sept. 29, Oct. 2
Troy, Troy	Sept. 15, 18
Union, Lewisburg	Oct. 7, 9
Venango, Franklin	Sept. 15, 17
Warren, Warren	Sept. 8, 11
Warren Union, Sugar Grove	Sept. 15, 18
Washington Union, Burgettstown	Oct. 6, 8
Westmoreland, Greensburg	Oct. 13, 16
Wyoming, Tunkhannock	Sept. 16, 18
York, York	Oct. 6, 9

County Fairs in New Jersey.

Burlington, Mt. Holly	Oct. 13, 16
Cumberland, Bridgeton	Sept. 9, 10
Egg Harbor City	Sept. 19, 22
Hunterdon, Flemington	Sept. 22, 24
Monmouth, Freehold	Sept. 8, 10
Moorestown, East Moorestown	Sept. 18, 19
Somerset, Somerville	Sept 29, Oct. 1
Sussex, Sussex	Sept. 22, 25
Vineland, Vineland	Sept. 8, 11
West Jersey, Woodstown	Sept. 16, 17

TOO TONEY FOR FARMING.

"Yes, I came after a hired man," said the old farmer, as he sipped his root beer on the market yesterday; "but I've got disgusted and shan't try very hard to find one."

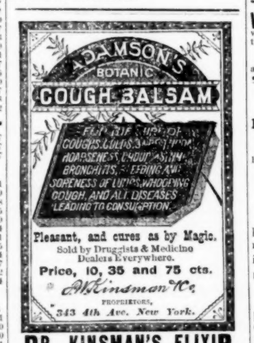
"What's the matter with hired men?"

"Too high toned and important. Why, I had one last spring who rigged up an umbrella over the plough so as not to get tanned, and he refused to eat with the family because we stuck our knives in our mouths. And at the end of a week he quit. Said that labor was ennobling, and so forth, but the landscape in that vicinity offended his taste."

"Yes."

Well, I took on another, and he put on cuffs and polished his boots before going too work, and he quit at the end of a fortnight because we didn't have a pianner in the house. Why, that chap never got up till 7 o'clock, and he insisted on going to the village to get shaved and perfumed up every other evening.

"The third one quit me yesterday. He wanted stained glass in his bed-room winder. He wanted me to buy him a guitar. He wanted to paint all the roofs red and put pea green on the corn cribs. He suggested a hog pen with a parlor to it, and he spent two days of my time trying to arrange a way for the windmill to milk the cows. I found him writing poetry in the cornfield, and because I spoke up sharply he quit the job, polished up his shoes, and sent for a coupay to bring him to the city."—[Detroit Free Press.



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The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

TWO SONNETS.

BY SCAEVOLA.

I.

Association.

The birds are singing blithely; brimming brooks
Pour down you mossy crags with lulling sound,
And wander in the plain, now sunshine crowned,
Now pebble-paved and flower-fringed, thro' nooks
Where one would quickly close his chosen books,
To gaze enraptured on the scene around,
The glorious beauty of the sky and ground
That fills his mind with gladness as he looks.
I do not hear the sound of streamlets flowing,
A brook-like voice seems floating in the air;
I do not see the flowers round me growing,
But violet eyes at memory's command
Are smiling on me, and a snow-white hand
Steals into mine, and lightly lingers there.

II.

Wind-music.

Not many paces from my cottage door,
There is a grove of pine trees, in whose shade
Ofttimes I rest, while silver chords are played
By roving winds. Ah! long, long years before
These happy days they softly sang, and bore
To the quick ear of some expectant maid
Perchance her lover's foot-falls, or conveyed
Night's lofty anthem and her secret lore.
Sing on, ye winds! daily and nightly sing;
Your faintest song is all it needs to be,
Since God-created, surely ye will bring
No common burden, but rich melody,
Filling my soul with unfeigned worshipping
By certain nearness to an unseen sea.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ON THE NOR'WEST; FROZEN IN.

A WHALING YARN.

BY JOHN HUBBARD WOODBURY.

Author of "A Trip Southward," "Corporal Squib on the Farm," "David and I," "The Lost Indianman," How I Found It," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A Case of Flogging.

Captain Harding had shipped two Kanakas, natives of the Sandwich Islands, with his other new hands, and in stowing our new outfits a single chest served for both these men, who had never had so many clothes before. Indeed, they knew but little about clothes as yet, for it had been but a few years since the islanders had begun to adopt civilized fashions, and many of the men still went about with nothing but a breech-cloth round their loins. But these poor fellows who had cast their lot with us were destined to learn the use of the heavy garments that were given them, to their sorrow. Poor fellows! I always think of them with pity, for from me were going, as it proved, from their fair sunny isles to shiver out their lives in those drear regions of the frigid North.

These Kanakas could not speak very much English as yet, but with the aid of gestures they could make themselves understood, and we had not been many days at sea before they said that some of their things were missing. Search was made; but as it proved unsuccessful it was thought they must be mistaken, did not really know what had been given them, and no further attention was at that time given to the matter.

But it was not long till they reported another loss, and then more careful inquiry was made. They seemed intelligent enough to know what belonged to them, even if they couldn't speak English. Still none of the lost articles could be found; and again the matter rested, though not without a report of it being made to Mr. Weeks, the first mate, who at the time had charge of the watch on deck, and who transmitted the report to the captain. It came back to me, through the boatsteerers, that the captain told Mr. Smith if anything more was ever missing just to let him know.

Two or three days after this, while we were eating our dinner on the forecastle deck, we saw the two Kanakas going aft together, towards Mr. Weeks, who met them as they reached the quarter-deck, and at once we understood from their gestures that there had been another loss. But Mr. Weeks sent them back again, and waited for the captain to come up from dinner before speaking to him. Then, however, it was quickly evident a search was to be made by the officers themselves.

Mr. Weeks and the second mate both came forward, and ordered all except those who belonged on deck to go below into the forecastle; and when we had gone down they followed us. "Now," said Mr. Weeks, "we're going to see where this trouble is; if there's any *stealing* going on here, we want to know it."

"That's jest what we want ter know, too," responded Uncle Jim. "The bloody sculpins."

"Well, then, overhaul your chests, and see if you can find those things. One at a time, though, and we'll leave yours till the last, old man."

"Not by a d—d sight! Here—here—turn 'em out—turn 'em all out—every d—d rag; we'll find 'em all here, somewhere. Open yer eyes now'ad look sharp! Here—here they are! No, I'll be d—d; these are mine, arter all. But you'll find 'em here somewhere. Course I stole 'em—stole 'em all—every d—d rag on 'em—but these ain't the ones. You'll find 'em all here, though, somewhere."

"Don't get excited, Uncle Jim; don't get excited," said the mate calmly; "of course nobody suspects you of stealing."

"Don't s'pect me! D—n my eyes, ain't I jest as good a right ter steal as anybody? Wal, if you won't look, good 'long with ye, d—n ye! 'nd I'll have the law on ye when we get ashore! I don't ask no favors, 'nd I ain't a goin' ter show none. Now go 'long with ye;" and Uncle Jim's wrath had so far subsided that the last was uttered in a subdued tone.

It was impossible to suspect Uncle Jim of stealing. With all his faults, there was no such meanness, no deception, no prevarication, nothing hidden about him. So leaving him to put back his disordered wardrobe at his leisure, the mate ordered the Kanakas to first open their chest and take out the things that were in it. Of course an account had been kept of all that had been given them, and this account was now compared with what was found.

At least half a dozen articles were missing, among which were woolen stockings and woolen shirts. I have forgotten how many of each, but that don't matter, they were gone, and that was the all important point. And then the other men were ordered, one by one, to open their chests and take out their things. This each did willingly, and several chests were gone through with without the missing articles being found, when one was come to that was found locked. "Whose is this?" asked the mate, looking round for the owner.

"It's that Bowery Boy's, sir," was the answer. "He's aloft now, on the lookout."

This was the new man who had come on board with me at Lahaina. He hailed from the Bowery, in New York, and had come to be known on board as the "Bowery Boy."

"What does he keep his chest locked for?" asked the mate; but without waiting for a reply he took from his pocket a bunch of keys and began to try to open it. In a moment he found a key that fitted, and turning up the lid of the chest he began to lay out the things that were in it, on another, at the same time comparing them with his account of what had been charged in the Bowery Boy's bill.

Before he had come to the bottom of the chest all the missing articles were found. To make more sure, he questioned the Kanakas, who asserted in the strongest terms and with emphatic gestures that the things were theirs. "Well," said the mate, "we will see what the captain says about it. Go and tell him we've found them, Mr. Slocumb."

Mr. Slocumb, who was the second mate, went up the ladder and disappeared, while Mr. Weeks still stood by the open chest.

If I know the old man," he said musingly, looking around to take us all in, "a case of flogging will come out of this."

"And sarve him right," said Uncle Jim; "sarve him right, d—n him!"

It was but a moment till Mr. Slocumb came back, the captain with him. The captain looked at the open chest, and at the stolen articles, which had been laid by themselves, and said, "Are you sure those are the ones, Mr. Weeks?"

"No doubt about it, sir; I've compared the lists, and the Kanakas swear to 'em."

"Whose chest is it?" the captain then asked.

"They say it's that Bowery Boy's. He's up for'ard now, on the lookout."

"Call him down. I want to see him."

In obedience to this order Mr. Weeks himself went up, and we heard his call as he ordered the culprit down. Soon the fear-stricken fellow appeared, coming reluctantly down the ladder, followed by the mate.

"Is this your chest?" the captain asked, fixing his stern gaze upon him.

"I—it's the one they gave me, sir."

"Are those your things?" pointing to the articles that had been laid aside.

"No—no, sir; I don't think they are."

"How did they come in your chest, then?"

"I—I—I didn't know they were there, sir; I'm sure I didn't know it, sir."

"You lying thief!" said the captain, his eyes flashing, "do you expect to get off in that way? You stole them. You know it, and we all know it. On deck with you! Up, on deck; we'll have this settled at once! Come up, all of you."

It was a pitiful sight to see the poor, cringing culprit as he obeyed that order. Turning a backward look as he went up the ladder he whined, "Oh, Captain! I didn't—didn't"——

"Yes you did! Up you go! Up, lively! we want it settled."

The captain followed him, and we all followed the captain.

"Go aft," said the captain as they reached the deck; "straight aft."

"Oh, Captain!" the miserable fellow began again to plead, "I—I—"

"Aft, I say! No more of your lying! Aft with you!"

Cringing, and pale with fright, the man went reluctantly aft, till he came to the mainmast, when he was ordered to stop.

"Now, sir, take off your shirt!" was the captain's next order.

"Oh, Captain, you're too bad! you're too bad! I didn't"——

"You did! You're a thief and a liar! Off with your shirt!"

Cringing and pleading, the poor miserable fellow drew off his shirt, and stood with his bared back exposed. The man was not more than twenty-two or three years old, and he had a strikingly fair complexion. As he stood there with his back uncovered, it seemed as if it must be an offense to his Maker to lay a lash upon so fair a skin. But the man was a thief, and notwithstanding the delicate texture of his outer covering, he bore the stamp of a thief; there was that in his face and in his speech which told of the meanness within him.

It seemed as if the captain was relenting, as he stood for a moment with his eyes fixed upon the culprit's bared back, but crushing back all such feeling, he said, as sternly as before,—

"Seize him up to the weather shrouds!"

Procuring some spun-yarn, the two mates then bound the man by his wrists to the shrouds, as high up as they could reach.

"Cooper," said the captain, "rig a cat."

In obedience to this order the cooper procured a piece of tarred rope, about an inch in thickness and two and a half feet long, and unlaying the strands for about two-thirds its length, he made a hard knot in the end of each strand. He must have been occupied some ten minutes in arranging this whip, or "cat," and all the while the culprit stood with his face turned over his shoulder, watching him, and still uttering at times his plaintive and cowardly entreaties.

When the whip was ready, all hands were ordered into the waist to witness the punishment.. As we gathered there, Mrs. Harding came out of the cabin, and looking imploringly towards her husband, beckoned him to come near. He went up to her, and she seemed to plead with tears in her eyes that the culprit might be spared. But her pleading also was in vain. It may have had the effect to mitigate the punishment somewhat, but it could not prevent it. As she stood there, pale and trembling, she seemed like an angel of mercy come down from heaven to intercede for that miserable man, and it was with a feeling almost of awe that we looked upon her.

But the captain was inflexible; all her pleading could not avert the merited punishment, and at length she turned and went away, to hide herself, if possible, from the dreadful scene. The captain only waited for her to go, and then he ordered the cooper to give the culprit a dozen blows across his bared back, and not be sparing of his strength.

"I never did such a thing," said the cooper, hesitating. "I'm afraid I can't do it as it ought to be done."

"Stand back then," said the captain, stepping forward and taking the whip into his own hands; "stand back. I never order a man to do what I dare not do myself."

And straightening the tarry strands, he raised himself to his full height and brought them down with such cruel effect that they made the white flesh quiver and caused the writhing victim to shriek with pain.

Blow followed blow in quick succession till a dozen had been given, and then the captain stood for a moment breathless, while the culprit moaned piteously, "Oh, Captain, don't kill me! don't kill me!"

"Will you admit, now, that you stole those things?"

"Yes; oh, yes, I did take them; of course I did; but you've whipped me enough for that. Don't kill me, Captain! I'll never do it again."

"I don't think you will, on board this ship. Let him down, Mr. Weeks; I don't think he'll do any more stealing here."

"Now, men," the captain continued, turning to us, "you know what my opinion is of stealing—pilfering from a shipmate! But I don't suppose there's another man among you that's mean enough to do such a thing, so I won't lecture you. Go forward now, about your duty,—and if any one of you ever misses anything, let me know, and I'll see what can be done about it. But let the fellow live. Don't be too hard on him."

The Bowery Boy put on his shirt and sneaked forward after us, as abject an object as I ever saw, and from that time until he left the ship he was a social outcast, merely endured because he could not be gotten rid of, despised by all. Of course he improved the first opportunity to escape; but that did not come till long after, when we had returned to the Sandwich Islands and were lying anchored at Honolulu.

CHAPTER V.

Breaking out—Coopering—Hard work—Unfavorable weather.

Our northward course soon carried us into cooler weather. By the last of May we were cruising in Behring Sea, to northward of the Aleutian Islands. Before that, however, we had had some very disagreeable work to do, in consequence of the shrinkage of the oil-casks in the hold. Soon after leaving Lahaina we began to pump out oil, as well as water, every morning when pumping ship. The sea to leeward would be covered with an oily film, which showed that the oil in the hold was actually running away.

Provision had, however, been made for such an emergency, and the remedy was now applied. Our ship had a top gallant forecastle,—a raised deck over the proper forecastle deck,—and upon this there was a head pump for pumping water into the ship, and at the same time forcing it through hose to any part of the vessel. Several hours of each day were now given to "wetting down the hold," by means of this pump and hose.

Putting on their oil-gurried garments, the boatsteerers, with a sufficient number of the foremast hands to help them, would go down into the lower hold, which was filled with the closely stowed casks of oil, and beginning forward, trailing the hose after them as they went, crawl all over those slimy casks, to larboard and to starboard and clear aft, till every part had been thoroughly drenched with water. The head pump had to be kept going all the while, the men taking turns, two at a time,—and after the water had been pumped in, it had to be pumped out again; so that, for a time we had more pumping than we could really enjoy.

But with all our pumping the casks kept on leaking; they were not to be tightened by any water cure treatment, and the only remedy seemed to be to "break them out," that is, hoist them up on deck, and "cooper" them; which last means to drive the hoops tighter. So we rigged the tackles and began to break out; and for two weeks our decks were so covered with great oily, gummy casks that there was hardly room to move about, and we were all the time hoisting, lowering, heading over, and driving hoops. We were all coopers or coopers' assistants.

Before we had finished this disagreeable work the weather had become cold, foggy, drizzly, which made the great heavy casks still more slimy and slippery and difficult to handle, and was the cause of my getting a scar which still serves me as a reminder of them.

And speaking of the weather, allow me to say that those who find fault with Boston weather ought to go to the Nor'West. I have no heart to wish them anything worse. They would come back—if they should chance to come back—quite ready to enjoy a mild east wind here.

Our weather — the weather we had during the first part of that cruise — was about that parts fog and drizzle to one of sunshine, and the sunshine was so diluted with fog that we scarce knew it as sunshine. Day after day and week after week it was just the same and of course we had very little success in whaling.

To get clear of this weather, if possible, we ran over to the Kamschatkan coast. But it was almost as bad there, and the men who had been in the Amazon the season before, said the ship's good luck had left her. Uncle Jim declared it was because there were so many Jonahs on board; the new hands, he said, were more than half Jonahs, — "the blasted scalawags!"—and he even suggested the propriety of pitching some of us overboard.

"Wal, Uncle Jeems," said Tanner, "chuck us overboard then; don't let us stand in yer way; there a way provided for all on us, ye know; chuck us right over an' go on with yer whalin'."

Then Uncle Jim would look at Tanner rather pityingly and remark, "There ain't a whale on the whole Nor'West that would swaller you! or if he did he couldn't keep ye down—would spew ye up 'fore he'd got half way to shore. *You'll* have ter stay aboard, of course, luck or no luck."

"It's jest as you say, Uncle Jeems,—jest as you say. Business 'fore pleasure, ye know. If there's any way't you can improve yer condition, it's yer business to try it. We don't want ter stand in yer way."

Uncle Jim was lenient enough to allow us all to remain on board, and as if to reward him, after awhile the weather began to improve, and we were more successful. In the course of a month we took four or five whales, which averaged about a hundred barrels of oil each. In these days even that would be considered remarkably good success, but whaling on the Nor'West now is not what it used to be. In those days probably ten whales were taken where one is taken now.

Still the weather was unfavorable, and hoping for better weather and better success farther north, our captain after consulting with the captains of several other ships that had been cruising with us, one of whom was his own brother, bore away in company with these other whalemen, and ran clear up through Behring Straits into the Arctic Sea.

This was about the first of July, and the probability of filling up that season was not very encouraging. To do so we must have unheard of success, but we still hoped good fortune would favor us.

The farther north we went the more daylight we had, and also less fog and more sunshine; though there was not much warmth in the sun's rays. It was summer, but there was no breath of summer in the air.

At length it was all daylight; the sun did not go out of sight at all; for three weeks it did not quite touch the horizon at any point of its daily circuit, and we seemed sailing in an endless day.

We made our way along the coast, getting occasional glimpses of the land, till we were almost up to the 77th parallel of north latitude, finding whales both larger and more plentiful, and more easily taken, too, the farther we went. This was probably because very few ships, if any, had ever before ventured so far north, on that side of the American continent to look for them.

But we all felt that we could not remain there very long. We were willing to take some risk, for the sake of going home at the end of that season with a full ship, but we knew the danger of remaining long in that icy sea. We had not fallen in with any field ice, as yet, and so long as the sea remained free from that, we thought there could be no immediate danger.

At length the sun sank out of sight below the northern horizon each time it circled round,—only for a few moments at first, but remaining longer hid each time,—giving warning that the brief summer, if summer it could be called, was drawing to a close. But even yet there were no signs of ice, and a few days more sailing with our course due south, so long as the sea was clear, carry us back to Behring Straits, where we would be safe from the Ice-King's grasp. And as we wanted yet a few whales more, we still held on.

You may be sure we all did our best to fill the ship. The nights for a time scarce interfered with our work. Indeed there was scarcely any night for many days after the sun began to go out of sight,—only a brief twilight, gradually deepening, as the sun went lower and lower each time. We often worked without cessation except for meals during the whole twenty-four hours,—even forty-eight hours at a time, without rest or sleep. I am now five on six years old, and I do not get on an average, more than four hours' sleep out of each twenty-four,—even counting in the time we slept while heaving at the windlass, cutting in whales. We always hove-to with a song from some one or more who were wakeful enough to sing it; but the closed eyes, open mouths, and heads tipped back, showed plainly enough that some of us had no need for music. Yet with the aid of the brakes and the rhythmic motion we all stood to our posts.

I still remember one thing with pleasure that cheered me in those drear and toilsome hours. It was a little bird, a pet canary that belonged to Mrs. Harding, which in sunny days used to be hung outside the cabin near the wheel. He was a splendid songster, and I used to long for my trick at the wheel (each foremast hand had to take his turn at steering the ship) that I might hear him sing. That, at least, was music I enjoyed. And so strange it seemed, away there in the Arctic Ocean, to hear the joyous carrolling of that bird!

The captain's wife used to love it as well as I, and sometimes when I was at the wheel she would come out to see her bird, and would sit down and talk with me; so that after awhile she and I and the bird came to be quite well acquainted; which was for me the one pleasant feature of that dismal cruise. I used to think Mrs. Harding a very lovely woman, and yet I have seen many women that were *handsomer* than she. She was comely in person, but her greatest loveliness was from within—the loveliness that takes man captive whether he will or no.

Her little boy, Tommy, was another revivifying influence—a source of real delight to us all. He was unusually quick in repartee, for one so young; a quality which, though encouraged by the men forward, his mother by no means encouraged. Indeed, she so far discountenanced it that she would have kept him quite away from the forward part of the ship could she have done so; but that, of course, with a boy like Tommy, was impossible.

He was a funny little object to look at, as he paced back and forth on the quarter-deck, taking his "constitutional," as we had learned him to call it, swaddled in a monkey-jacket—really a *monkey* jacket it seemed to us in his case—which made him look about as big one way as t'other,—so funny a little object that we would often laugh at him, and, if his mother wasn't near, get a tart word in return. But we all loved Tommy;—and I don't know that it is too much to say that we all loved his mother, too. There are some women that one can love even if he has a wife of his own, without doing any injustice to either.

We were cheered and encouraged in still other ways,—at least some of us were,—ways that belonged to the captain, and not by any means to his good wife. Every time a whale was brought alongside, the captain gave spiritual comfort to all who would take it, and if my memory serves me right we all did take it. It was simply "fire-water," and though reviving for the time, it had no lasting good effect.

Three times for every whale, we "spliced the main brace," which one might think from this was a very defective piece of rigging, and yet our main braces were really made of good stuff and never parted. To splice the main brace generally means, among seamen, to take a drink of something strong all round. As soon as the whale was safe alongside, secured by a hawser that was passed around his flukes and made fast to the bitts on the forecastle, the word, "Splice the main brace," was given, and all hands proceeded into the ship's waist. Then came the steward and the cabin-boy, the first bearing a pitcher and a tumbler, with which he dispensed to every man his allowance of the fiery liquid, replenishing at times from the bucket—not the "old oaken bucket," but one that our cooper had made especially for this use—which was borne by his grinning satellite, a little pock-marked darkey named "Abe."

Some swallowed the fiery stuff at one gulp; and then perhaps would say, "Seems ter me you're mighty sparin', steward!" Others allowed it to trickle down their iron-clad throats to the last drop, that they might prolong the ecstasy; while a few made no immediate use of their allowance, but poured it into their pockets to hold as a medium of trade, for there were men in the crew who would at any time sell their share of duff for a drink of liquor, and some really preferred the duff.

When all had been given their allowance, we would go to work on the whale, cutting in, and when that most difficult part, the head, had been got on board, around would come the steward and that "little pock-marked nigger" again, and again we would splice the main brace. And so it was again when the last "blanket-piece" had been lowered into the hold; or into the "blubber-room," as it was called, down between decks, just beneath the main-hatch.

Speaking of the whale's head,—we always hoisted the upper part of it—that which contains the black bone—in on deck, where it was allowed to stand abaft the main-hatchway till the blubber had all been secured, when the slabs of bone were cut from it in sections that could be conveniently handled, four parts fog and drizzle to one of sunshine, and the sunshine was so diluted with fog that we scarce knew it as sunshine. Day after day and week after week it was just the same and of course we had very little success in whaling.

To get clear of this weather, if possible, we ran over to the Kamschatkan coast. But it was almost as bad there, and the men who had been in the Amazon the season before, said the ship's good luck had left her. Uncle Jim declared it was because there were so many Jonahs on board; the new hands, he said, were more than half Jonahs, — "the blasted scalawags!"—and he even suggested would not quite go down. "Of course," said Reston, our amiable and somewhat learned North Carolinian, "there's plenty of room in the whale's mouth, but how the Dickens could Jonah get down his *throat?*—there's where the stick would be.

"That's cos you don't look at it in the light of Scripter, most likely," said Tanner. "Course, some of them fish stories is mighty curis to us, but if we only knowed how ter look at 'em in the light of Scripter, I s'pose 'twould be all plain sailin'."

Then Uncle Jim growled, and spoke, "You *must* be blarsted ejiots," said he. "Couldn't the Lord make a whale a purpus, don't ye spose?"

"I think Uncle Jim has solved it," said Reston, reflectively. "Of course, that must have been the very way; Jonah's whale was made to order. It's as plain as the light on the end of your nose, Uncle Jim!"

"Don't yer twit me about light on the end of my nose, yer sculpin you!" and Uncle Jim supplemented the remark with something of a *miscellaneous* character, which had the effect to close the discussion right there, and I don't remember that it was ever re-opened.

To be continued.

THE MAN OF PEACE.

[New Haven News.]

From the people, to the people's need
To save the people, when faint hope began
To wither in men's bosoms, came the man.
Simple, courageous, strong: a man indeed.
His was the victory; his the victor's meed.
And then the warrior sheathed his conquering sword,
The people listened as he spoke the word.
"Let us have peace." And some would give no heed.
Through strife of factions, doubts, and hopes and fears,
He waited with us for a score of years.
Until he heard the clamorous noises cease;
"Now we have peace," he said; and went to rest.

By nations honored, and by honor blest.
He shares the gift he gave us; he has peace.

WROUGHT BY A STRANGER.

Mine is a strange story, the story of the one even—fraught even now with a haunting mystery—in a life otherwise monotonous and uninteresting. What subtle instinct prompts me to tell my tale I know not, unless it be the half-unconscious wish to communicate to others that which must ever be connected in my own mind with so much that is weird and inexplicable. Even now, when it all lies behind me like 'a tale that is told,' fast receding and fading away into the outlived past, when my blood flows coldly through my veins, and my heart, like a wearied, wasted thing, drags slowly on till the chill hand of death shall stay it forever—even now I shrink with shuddering repugnance, and would fain draw back from my self-imposed task.

I doubt if, under God's Heaven, two human souls ever loved each other more devotedly than did my husband and myself. We had been married but a short twelve-month, when he came home one night with a haggard, absorbed look on his face, that told me instantly that something of importance must have happened. What it was I soon learned. Business of the utmost urgency required him to start at once for Brazil. We were to be separated, he and I, for six long months—he to journey across a world of wild, angry waters, I to drag out the weary days in lonely waiting and watching for his return.

Of the desolate weeks that followed my husband's departure, I will not now speak. The days dragged slowly on, one by one, and at last the time arrived when I might expect to hear from him. The mail from Brazil—the one he had promised to write by—came in, but the letter I had watched for, longed for, and prayed for through so many weary days and restless nights, came not, nor had any tidings of his ship been received. I went into his office, where I knew they would hear directly she arrived. They told me there was no cause for anxiety, the ship was overdue, but that was a common occurrence; some accident had delayed her; they would telegraph directly she was "advised." Days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and yet no news of the Osprey. How I lived through that awful time, God only knows. Night after night I lay awake thinking, thinking, thinking, until, utterly exhausted, I fell into a restless, dream-haunted sleep, only to toss to and fro on a wild, heaving ocean, over which I was wandering in search of my lost husband. Day after day I would shut myself in my room to lie prostrate on the floor sobbing: "Oh! my husband, my brave, noble husband! God give him back to me! give him back to me."

* * * *

I will not weary the reader and wring my own heart afresh by dwelling upon the black misery and hopeless agony of that fearful time. Two long years had gone by, and nothing being heard of the Osprey, it was considered as settled beyond doubt that she had gone down, and all on board perished. Just at this time an old maiden aunt of my husband's, who had never till then taken much notice of me, wrote that she would like me to go and stay a few days with her. As the doctors said she could not possibly live more than a month or two, I had not the heart to refuse; and so, for the first time since my marriage, I found myself sleeping under a strange roof. It was a little country farmhouse away up in the midland counties. I had never been further north than London, the journey was a long one, and I was very tired, I went to bed soon after my arrival. That night I dreamt a dream of such intense vividness and reality that I can recall it to my mind, fresh and unfading, as if it had happened but yesterday. I found myself, I know not how, standing alone at midnight on a bare, black heath, lit by the lurid glare of a low-lying moon, far away in the starless south. Across her wan face stretched a ragged skirt of black, angry cloud, on either side of which the intercepted rays broke into two long hazy beams of light—one shooting far across the calm heavens, the other bending down toward the earth till it was lost in the shadowy horizon. All around me, as far as the eye could reach, spread the wild waste of moorland, save that away to the right I saw the dark outline of some building—apparently a deserted shed or cottage. As I stood there, numb and trembling in the chill night air, a strange, irresistible impulse—I know not what—seized me, by which I was impelled, as by some unseen power, in the direction of this object. I drew closer and closer, my heart wrenching in wild, uneven effort in my bosom, my breath coming in short, quick gasps, and my ears so unnaturally strained for the slightest sound, that I could hear the blood hissing and rushing through my temples. Suddenly I heard a sound as of some human being in pain, and then a wild, wailing cry: "Harry, Harry! God help me!" and then a low moan again. With one bound I rushed forward, and there, in the shadow of the shed, crouched up against the wall I saw the form of a woman, apparently dying. I knelt at her side, raised her in my arms, and, as the pale light of the moon fell on her face, I recognized the features of my lost husband. I recollect a wild, unearthly cry ringing in my ears, whether uttered by myself or not, I cannot say, and then—I awoke to find myself lying there in that silent house, with the cold light of a cloudless moon falling full on my face through the uncurtained window. Sleep, with the recollection of that dream haunting my mind, was impossible; so I rose, and, on looking out, found that my window opened on a pair of iron stairs reaching down to a garden. In a dull, mechanical way I dressed, slipped a shawl over my head, and stepped out. I passed through the garden, unlatched a gate, and found myself in an open road, bordered on either side by tall hedgerows. In front the road rose in a kind of hill until it met the line of sky, beyond which I could see nothing